



9-1877

## Jacksonville Republican | September 1877

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1877.

The Opening of the Calhoun Grange College.

On last Monday the Grange college was opened under the most auspicious circumstances. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the large hall of the college building, besides a number of young people who had come for the purpose of matriculating. The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Julian Brown pastor of the M. E. Church. Col. James Crook then introduced Col. W. H. Chambers Master of the State Grange who delivered an earnest and impressive address, which was listened to with marked attention by the entire audience and greeted with rounds of applause. After stating that he was there by invitation, he proceeded to speak of the advantages to the community resulting from the establishment of a first class school. He said that there was no reason why such a school should not be established here. The climate is salubrious and the health excellent—scenery beautiful and the soil productive. Everything for family use cheap and abundant. No community in the state was more intelligent or ranked higher intellectually. He said if capitalists had determined to erect in our midst extensive cotton mills, which would advance our material interests, it would be regarded as a matter of great importance, and when a better work than this is begun all should interest themselves in it.

The establishment of a good school here would draw a population superior to that which a cotton factory would draw and would insure both moral and material advantages. Our real estate would be enhanced in value; people would seek homes here to educate their children. He then proceeded to elaborate the advantages to accrue to the rising generation from a thorough education and the facilities for making money and rising in the world the man possessed who was educated and worked his brain over the man who earned his living by the exercise of his muscle only. Before the war there were few fields of employment open to the educated man, outside the professions of law, physic or divinity, now the industrial arts are attracting the thought of our best minds. The development of our mountains requires engineers; railroads and canals are to be constructed; the science of cultivating the soil must be developed, all of which require the attention of men of reading and learning. He then urged upon the young men the necessity for their application to their studies in order to be able to fill the places of those now leading in governmental affairs. He closed by expressing the hope that a great institution would be built here that would be an ornament to the town, county of Calhoun and the State of Alabama.

Col. Crook next introduced Dr. I. T. Tichenor, President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn who made an eloquent address, which we regret our space prevents our publishing entire, as well as the remarks of Col. Chambers. After humorously referring to the fact that Col. Chambers had spoken much of the speech he intended making, he said there was a broad line running through the field he had not touched. He then referred to the progress of education in this country of late years, not as to dissemination, because he held that the South in higher education had always been far in advance of the North, that there was more cultivation here, there were more students in proportion to the population in attendance at college, that more money was expended for a higher education here than in the North. It is not in the dissemination but in the improving the system of education that progress is being made. He then related an anecdote of the failure of a number of girls and boys attending school, some of them considerably advanced, who were unable to tell how they could go to New York, thus showing how geography was neglected in the schools, and the want of practicality in the old manner of teaching. He said that rapid strides were being made in making education practical. In the olden times educated men necessarily went into the professions, or became cultivated gentlemen with nothing to do. It was not considered necessary to educate a boy beyond the three R's: "reading, riting and rithmetick," unless he was to enter one of the professions. The people have awakened from this idea and the man who contradicts the soil now, it is deemed, should have a broader, higher and more thorough education than any other. They have realized that the agents with which the farmer deals are those which move the world. Light, heat, electricity and the atmosphere, are all elements with which he deals every day. He should be able to take up soil anywhere and tell its constituent elements, what is wanting in one soil to make it productive or what another has that renders it unproductive. These are questions the farmer has to deal with every day. He must learn when he puts a seed in the ground, how it grows, what it takes from the soil and what from the atmosphere, and what tends to its certain and perfect development. How necessary is this knowledge in this State when it is remembered that eight tenths of her population and nine tenths of her capital is engaged in agriculture. He suggested that the farmers of the county ought to endow a professorship of Agriculture by donating lands for that purpose; that it could be easily done and would prove of incalculable benefit. What a blessing it would be to the South if some scientist would devote himself to the study of the habits of the cotton worm that annually destroys millions of dollars worth of cotton, and find the

means of preventing its ravages. In Sweden a worm was destroying the timber of the lumber men, which formed a large part of the population of that country. The government sent a scientific man into the lumber region to see if the ravages of the worm could not be checked. He found that a miller produced the worm and that it laid its eggs in the month of May. He advised the lumber men to immerse their timber in the water during that month. The result was this great interest of that country was saved from ruin.

He said that our great mineral resources must be developed and that it will require the assistance of science to accomplish this end. He remarked that the other day while going up the mountain he picked up a stone, which proved to be as fine grit as any of the finest mill stones of the best quarries. He was eloquent in speaking of the civilization and material wealth of our State, and closed by addressing a few earnest remarks to President Borden on the importance and responsibility of his position, and expressing hopes for the prosperity of the institution. His remarks were applauded during their delivery and at their close.

Professor Borden then came forward and expressed himself gratified with the words of cheer that he had received. He said he had spent the greater part of his life in the school room, but always entered it with fear and trembling, because of the great responsibility he felt rested upon him. He felt it due to the patrons of the school to state how he intended conducting it. His manner of conducting schools was well known, and in the future he proposes to use the same energy he has in the past, and to make everything as perfect as possible. He proposes to examine his pupils and to classify them according to the degree of proficiency shown. They should not be made to go faster in their studies than they reasonably could.

He stated that he had a few rules which he required those of his pupils who were old enough to understand the nature of an obligation, to obligate themselves to obey. Among those were "Jilliganes in study and punctual attendance," "the absence from intoxicating liquors," "not to carry any pistol or other dangerous weapon," "not to visit shows, concerts, picnics or other places of amusement without the consent of the President," "not to use profane language or gamble," "to attend Divine worship on Sabbath and also Sabbath school," "in short to deport themselves as good manners, good taste and moral training dictate and to obey all the rules and regulations of the institution. If these rules become too rigorous for any pupil, he or she are requested to at once quietly quit the school. These rules of course are not as full as those read by Mr. Borden, but embody their substance.

At the conclusion of their reading Mr. Borden called on Dr. Tichenor for his opinion of them. He replied that they were exactly similar to those in force at the Agricultural and Mechanical College except the one requiring attendance Sabbath School. He deemed them necessary to success. The audience was then dismissed and 47 pupils came forward and matriculated.

MARTHA MUMFORD PELHAM. When one so estimable as the subject of this sketch passes away, the event is deserving of more than a passing notice. MARTHA MUMFORD McGEHEE was born in Person county North Carolina, January 15th, 1808. She was married to Dr. A. Pelham Dec. 22nd, 1833. In the year 1837 she moved with her husband to Calhoun county, Alabama, where she lived until her death, which occurred at Alexandria the 16th of Aug, 1877, after she had reached the age of 69 years and 7 months. She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church for twenty years.

Our county has had few ladies who have equaled Mrs. Pelham in the graces that adorn womanhood, and none superior to her in the characteristics that go to make up the model wife, mother and humble consistent christian. Her best eulogy is written in the family she reared, and her name will go down to history as the mother of the "immortal Pelham."

A SHOOTING SCRAPE.—Some days ago J. L. Mattison and John Journey, acting as Sheriff's deputies, went to De Armanville to arrest Dick Ramsey, charged with murder in Talladega. They found him at church and had him called out. He gave himself up very readily when the capias was read to him; but requested to speak to his wife, who was at church with him, which the officers granted him permission to do. He then suggested that it was near dinner time and asked if he could be allowed to eat something before starting. This was granted also, and the prisoner led the officers to his home a short distance off. Upon reaching there he had watermelons and other fruit brought out and altogether conducted himself in a most hospitable way. Finally he stepped into a room, as the officers supposed, to get a chair, and upon his return brought instead a pistol ready cocked. This he brought down on Journey, and would probably have fired but for his wife. Journey had left his pistol on his saddle at the gate and was unprepared to resist. Ramsey then sprang through a window, when he was fired upon by Mattison. He returned the fire, and the fusillade was kept up until eight shots had been exchanged, he mean time working his way back into the house. He finally got a good opportunity and bolted, and at last a "dead wood" on a prisoner he will hand over him, wife or no wife, church or no church, watermelon or no watermelon.

Despatches of the 29th, bring intelligence of the death of Brigham Young.

Calhoun County Agricultural Fair. PREMIUM LIST FOR 1877.

- W. H. Hanna, J. A. Dailey, Sup'ts. Horses, Mares and Jacks.
- 1 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, \$5 00
  - 2 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 3 Best Mare, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
  - 4 Best Brood Mare, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 5 Best Filly, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 6 Best Filly, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 7 Best Gelding, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 8 Best Gelding, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 9 Best yearling colt, horse or mare, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 10 Best spring colt, horse or mare, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 11 Best pair match carriage horses, style and form considered, cup 5 00
  - 12 Best single harness horse or mare, cup 5 00
  - 13 Best saddle horse or mare, style and form considered, cup 5 00
  - 14 Best gelding, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
  - 15 Best Jack, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 16 Best Jennet, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
  - 17 Best pair match mules in harness, cup 5 00
  - 18 Best mule, any age, cup 5 00
  - 19 Best mare, any age, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 20 Best mule, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 21 Best mare, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 22 Best yearling mule, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 23 Best colt, colt (mule) Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 24 Best single harness mule, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
  - 25 Best team mule owned by exhibitor, cup 5 00
- SWEETSTAKES.
- 26 Best Stallion and five of his colts, all to be under 1 year old, to be exhibited on the ground, cup 5 00
- CLASS B.
- A. M. Stewart, Jas. Gladden, Sup'ts. Cattle, Sheep and Swine.
- CATTLE.
- 27 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
  - 28 Best yearling bull, Silver Medal
  - 29 Best yearling heifer, do
  - 30 Best calf under 12 months, do
  - 31 Best milch cow, common stock, cup 4 00
  - 32 Best milch cow, Jersey Stock, cup 5 00
  - 33 Best mixed blooded milch cow, cup 5 00
- All cows to be tested on the grounds in the presence of one of the Judges.
- 34 Best cow of color, cup 5 00
  - 35 Best fattest beef, Silver Medal
  - 36 Best display of blooded cattle (No. 4) cup 5 00
- SHEEP.
- 37 Best merino ram, Silver Medal
  - 38 Best merino ewe, do
  - 39 Best wooled ram, do
  - 40 Best wooled ewe, do
  - 41 Best common ram, do
  - 42 Best common ewe, do
  - 43 Best display of sheep not less than five head, do
  - 44 Best common ram goat, do
  - 45 Best common ewe goat, do
  - 46 Best milch ram, do
  - 47 Best milch ewe goat, do
  - 48 Best collection of goats not less than six head, do
  - 49 Best shepherd with evidence of training, cup 5 00
- SWINE.
- 50 Best Berkshire sow, Gold Medal
  - 51 Best Berkshire pig, do
  - 52 Best pair of any blood, Silver Medal
  - 53 Best sow of any blood, do
  - 54 Best brood sow and pig not less than five, Gold Medal
  - 55 Best pair pig under one year old, Silver Medal
  - 56 Best pair pig under one year old, do
  - 57 Best pair pork hogs, not less than five, cup 5 00
  - 58 Best pair heavy single fat hog, age considered, cup 3 00
- CLASS C.
- J. D. Pruitt, Decatur Davis, Sup'ts. Poultry—Chickens.
- 59 Best display of chickens, five or more, Gold Medal
  - 60 Best trio Bantams, any color, Silver Medal
  - 61 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 62 Best trio Buff Cochins, do
  - 63 Best trio White Cochins, do
  - 64 Best trio Black Cochins, do
  - 65 Best trio Black Spanish, do
  - 66 Best trio White Leghorns, do
  - 67 Best trio Spanish game, do
  - 68 Best black-legged red game, do
  - 69 Best trio White game, do
  - 70 Best trio Black game, do
  - 71 Best trio Silver laced game, do
  - 72 Best trio Black laced game, do
  - 73 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 74 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 75 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 76 Best pair Bantams, do
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  - 78 Best pair Bantams, do
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  - 98 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 99 Best pair Bantams, do
  - 100 Best pair Bantams, do

- 101 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of tobacco, cup 2 00
  - 102 Largest yield on one acre of tobacco, cup 2 00
  - 103 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of Irish potatoes, cup 2 00
  - 104 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of turnips, cup 2 00
  - 105 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of chufas, cup 2 00
  - 106 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of ground peas, cup 2 00
  - 107 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of artichokes, cup 2 00
  - 108 Largest yield on 1/4 acre of broom corn, cup 2 00
- SAMPLE OF CROPS.
- 109 Best half bushel of white wheat, Silver Medal
  - 110 Best half bushel red wheat, do
  - 111 Best half bushel Mediana wheat, do
  - 112 Best half bushel Irish potatoes, do
  - 113 Best half bushel sweet potatoes, do
  - 114 Best half bushel onion tops, do
  - 115 Best half bushel blue oats, do
  - 116 Best half bushel black oats, do
  - 117 Best half bushel rye, do
  - 118 Best half bushel barley, do
  - 119 Best half bushel field peas, do
  - 120 Best half bushel rice, do
  - 121 Best 5 gallons Sorghum, do
  - 122 Best 5 pounds leaf tobacco, do
  - 123 Best peck of chufas, do
  - 124 Best peck of ground peas, do
  - 125 Best one doz ears white corn, Diploma
  - 126 Best one doz ears yellow corn, do
  - 127 Best 1 doz ears hominy corn, do
  - 128 Best 1 doz heads of cabbage, do
  - 129 Best one-half doz of beets, do
  - 130 Best one doz of turnips, do
  - 131 Best collection of turnips, not less than 5 varieties, do
  - 132 Best half dozen pumpkins, do
  - 133 Best half dozen squashes, do
  - 134 Best half dozen melons, do
  - 135 Biggest pumpkin in the county, Diploma
  - 136 Biggest gourd (auburn), do
  - 137 Best half sack flour, Ala. made, do
  - 138 Best half sack corn meal, do
  - 139 Best one dozen plants celery, do
  - 140 Best half bushel meal, do
  - 141 Best half bushel ground hominy, do
  - 142 Best half bushel ground peas, do
  - 143 Best half bushel field peas, do
  - 144 Best half bushel rice, do
  - 145 Best half bushel onion tops, do
  - 146 The Grange in Calhoun and adjoining counties making the best display of farm, orchard, dairy, household products, agricultural tools, half dozen varieties of farm products on exhibition, cup \$5 00
- CLASS E.
- G. W. Humphries, Henry Montgomery, Superintendents.
- Ladies Department—Home Industry.
- 147 The best specimen home made pickles, Medal
  - 148 The best home made chutney, do
  - 149 The best home made jam, do
  - 150 The best five pounds home made butter, Gold Medal
  - 151 The best five pounds home made lard, Gold Medal
  - 152 The best home cured bacon, ham, rash, do
  - 153 The best home made cash, do
  - 154 The best of wheat bread, cash 1 00
  - 155 The best of corn bread, cash 1 00
  - 156 The best biscuit, Diploma
  - 157 The best display of breads by exhibitor, cash \$1 00
  - 158 The best sponge cake, Diploma
  - 159 The best pound cake, do
  - 160 The best fruit cake, do
  - 161 The best fruit cake, Gold Medal
  - 162 The best gallon of home made vinegar, Diploma
- ORCHARD.
- 163 The best collection of apples, not less than five, Diploma
  - 164 The best collection of pears and not less than four varieties, 6 in each variety, Diploma and Medal
  - 165 The best collection of peaches and not less than four varieties, 6 in each variety, do
  - 166 The best collection and display of grapes, do
  - 167 The best half bushel peaches, do
  - 168 The best Alabama seedling, Diploma
  - 169 The best winter apple, do
  - 170 The best collection of apple trees, seedling, do
  - 171 The best collection pear trees, seedling, do
  - 172 The best collection peach trees, seedling, do
  - 173 The best collection strawberry plants, do
  - 174 The best collection roots, bulbs and seeds, do
  - 175 The best one bottle strawberry wine, do
  - 176 The best one bottle blackberry wine, do
  - 177 The best one bottle raspberry wine, do
  - 178 The best one bottle scuppernon, do
  - 179 The best one bottle catwallow wine, do
  - 180 The best collection of wine by exhibitor, Gold Medal
  - 181 The best five pounds hard soap, do
  - 182 The best five pounds soft soap, do
  - 183 The best five pounds bees wax, home made, Diploma
- PRESERVES AND JELLIES.
- 184 The best display of honey, Gold Medal
  - 185 The best and greatest yield of honey from one swarm of bees in a single hive, the entire amount to be exhibited, Silver Cup
  - 186 The best bee hive with the honey in it, Medal
  - 187 The best specimen of apple preserves, Diploma
  - 188 The best specimen of peach preserves, do
  - 189 The best specimen of pear preserves, do
  - 190 The best specimen of quince preserves, do
  - 191 The best specimen of fig preserves, do
  - 192 The best specimen of tomato preserves, do
  - 193 The best specimen of watermelon preserves, do
  - 194 The best specimen of citron preserves, do
  - 195 The best specimen of strawberry preserves, do
  - 196 The best specimen of raspberry preserves, do
  - 197 The best collection of preserves, Medal
  - 198 The best collection of pickles, do
  - 199 The best collection of jellies, do
  - 200 The best specimen apple jelly, Diploma
  - 201 The best specimen peach jelly, do
  - 202 The best specimen pear jelly, do
  - 203 The best specimen quince jelly, do
  - 204 The best specimen fig jelly, do
  - 205 The best specimen tomato jelly, do
  - 206 The best specimen watermelon jelly, do
  - 207 The best collection and display of canned fruit, do
  - 208 The best 5 pounds home made starch, do
  - 209 The best tastefully arranged bouquet, Medal
  - 210 Best display green-beans plants, silver cup
  - 211 Largest collection green-beans plants, silver cup
  - 212 Second largest collection green-beans plants, silver cup
- CLASS F.
- Emmett F. Cook, R. P. (Tobe) Hughes, Superintendents.
- Household Fabrics.
- 214 For best patch quilt, calico, napkin ring, \$2 00
  - 215 For best patch quilted quilt, napkin ring, 2 00
  - 216 For best leg cabin quilt, napkin ring, 2 00
  - 217 For best patch quilt, napkin ring, 2 00
  - 218 For best quilt by lady over 70 years old, napkin ring, 2 00

- 219 For best white quilt, napkin ring, 2 00
- 220 For best patch quilt, napkin ring, 2 00
- 221 For best quilt by lady over 70 years old, napkin ring, 2 00
- 222 For best patch quilt by girl under 12 years old, do 2 00
- 223 For best patch quilt by girl under 12 years old, do 2 00
- 224 For best pair woolen bed sheets, Alabama made, cup 25 00
- 225 For best woolen coverlet, Alabama made, cup 25 00
- 226 For best pair of bed sheets, Alabama made, cup 25 00
- 227 For best pair of bed sheets, Alabama made, cup 25 00
- 228 For best woolen carpet, home made, cup 4 00
- 229 For best cotton carpet, home made, cup 3 00
- 230 For best rug carpet, home made, cup 3 00
- 231 For best pair of plain white cloth, home made, do 3 00
- 232 For best pair of plain white cloth, home made, do 3 00
- 233 For best cotton pillow, home made, do 3 00
- 234 For best pair of socks, do 3 00
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## POND'S EXTRACT

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have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it to use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order it as a cure for swellings of all kinds. **Quincy, Bore Torment, Ruptured Testicles, Simple and chronic Gonorrhea, Discharge of the Urine (for which it is specific), Chills, Malaria, Frosted Feet, Chapped Hands, Face, and Muscular** manner of skin diseases.

**TOILET USE.** Remove **Soreness, Redness and Smarting, Itch, Cuts, Eruptions and Pimples.** It removes **excess and refines**, while wonderfully **improves the complexion.**

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the size, title, and position which will make the most effective advertisement for the object to be attained.

7.—Having frequent orders for a large number of papers, they can, in most cases, get work done for less cost than the advertiser will have to pay if he sent the order direct.

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Extract Recipe, Dairy and Food  
for 3 cent stamp. MRS. B. SMITH, 117 ARCADE, PHOENIX

**HEAVEN** HELPS THOSE TO help themselves. The  
of self help is the root of all genuine true to life. This is  
as well fitted the K&S, employing in a small office in  
vast human experience. Remembrance, industry is necessary  
building up of Empire. Send for the happy days to be

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For six months in advance, \$1 00  
For three months in advance, \$0 50  
For one month in advance, \$0 10

For single copies, 5 cents.

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### A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A song for the girl I love—  
God love her!  
A song for the eyes of tender shade,  
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,  
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled  
That clasp her neck with tender gold;  
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,  
And the little dimples out and in—  
The girl I love—  
God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—  
God love her!  
A song for the eyes of faded light,  
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white;  
The quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,  
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep dream;  
The small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,  
And the lilies on her sweet, dead breast,  
The girl I loved—  
God love her!

### Was he in Earnest.

"And so you think this Miss What's-her-name would be just as fast to marry you if you were a poor man, with no expectations whatever, instead of being my nephew and supposed heir?"

There was a hurt, indignant look upon the frank face that confronted the speaker.

"The young lady's name is Ashton, and I never said she was 'fast to marry' me."

"Beg you and the young lady's pardon. You think that Miss Ashton would be just as willing to marry you if she knew you to be a poor man?"

"I do. I would stake my life on the sincerity and disinterestedness of her love."

Leaving back in his chair, Mr. Poppleton, senior, surveyed his nephew with a smile of superior wisdom, which had in it something of contemptuous pity.

"Ha! that's what all you young fellows say when you are in love; we old fellows don't lose our heads so easily. And it's well for you we don't. Why don't I make a fool of myself about some woman, I'd like to know?"

"I've often wondered, uncle, why you haven't married."

"When I was at your age, I was poor and had something else to think of; and now that I'm old, I've got more sense. I hope, there's Peter Comstock whose head is as gray as mine, he's married a girl young enough to be his daughter, and a pretty life she leads him. When Josiah Poppleton makes such a fool of himself, you may shave his head, clasp a straight-jacket on him, and put him into a lunatic hospital."

The young man smiled, and then looked grave.

"You object to Miss Ashton because she is poor and a dressmaker?"

"Nothing of the sort, Fred. I object to her because she is mercenary."

"You have no right to say that uncle when you have never even seen her."

"I couldn't be surer of it if I had known her all my life," said the old gentleman stoutly. "All such people are. You don't believe it, of course; but let her think you a poor man, or let a rich one make her an offer, and you would soon see."

Here Mr. Poppleton, senior, glanced at his watch.

"You'll have to be lively young man if you want to catch the next train. You will find the bills for collection on my desk. We'll talk the matter over when you get back."

Mr. Poppleton waited until he heard the whistle of the train that took his nephew out of town, and then putting on his hat, and buttoning up his coat with a resolute air, went out.

He walked very swiftly, passing through several streets and around various corners, until he came to the house he was in search of—a modest unpretending story-and-a-half affair, on the faded green door of which were these words:

MISS ASHTON, DRESSMAKER.

Mr. Poppleton regarded it with a look of stern disapproval, and then setting his hat on his head with a still more resolute air, marched up the stairs and rang the bell.

After waiting some little time, the door opened, revealing to his bewildered gaze the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, whose rosy lips and violet eyes smiled out upon him, as though he was an old and long-expected friend.

He stared at her for a moment, and then said:

"I am Josiah Poppleton, and I wish to see Miss Ashton."

The rosy lips dimpled into a still brighter smile.

"That is my name, sir. Won't you walk in?"

Mr. Poppleton found himself in one of the coziest, cheeriest little sitting-rooms in the world.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was a little oval photograph, cabinet size, in a little rustic frame on the mantel. He remembered giving it to his nephew. And he remembered, too, with considerable satisfaction, that it was a remarkably fine likeness.

"The little baggage knew me," he thought, as he took a seat, "and that was what made her smile so."

He felt his courage ebbing from the ends of his fingers. Somehow, it didn't seem such an easy thing as he had fancied it would be to carry out the programme he laid down for himself, and he began to wish he was most anywhere else. But here he was, and he must go through with it.

"Miss Ashton—ahem! I suppose you

know that I am Frederic Poppleton's uncle, and so you can guess why I am here?"

Rose glanced up shyly at the speaker from beneath the long, brown lashes. "I suppose it is because he asked you to come."

"Nothing of the kind. He didn't know a word about it."

"Oh?"

Mr. Poppleton felt that he was not getting on very well; as he considered it highly important that he should get on, he summoned all his resolution, and commenced again:

"No ma'am, I came entirely on my own responsibility. I consider it a matter of duty to let you know that I strongly disapprove of your engagement. And, furthermore, it is my inviolable determination, if he persists in running counter to my wishes, to have nothing more to do with him!"

This was evidently something that Rose did not expect to hear; the dimpling smiles left the mouth, and the violet eyes opened widely.

Looking resolutely away, Mr. Poppleton continued:

"If you think my nephew has property in his own right, you were never mistaken. He is entirely dependent on me; and if he commits the folly he contemplates, I won't give him a penny—not a penny!"

Here Mr. Poppleton turned his eyes upon the face opposite him, as if to see what effect his words were producing. All its bloom and brightness had vanished, but he went pitilessly on.

"Of course, you can marry him if you choose; this is a free country, and people can make themselves as miserable as they like, I suppose. Only, I feel it my duty to warn you what the inevitable consequences will be. Fred can hardly take care of himself. You'll have a large family—poor people always do have large families—and the result will be poverty, misery and no end of trouble."

This was not a very encouraging prospect to look forward to, and Rose did not look as if she considered it as such. She made no reply, however, and Mr. Poppleton continued:

"On the other hand, if you will act as sensibly and discreetly in the matter as I think you will, on reflection, you will never be sorry for it. You may count on my protection and friendship—the friendship and protection of Josiah Poppleton!"

Rose now spoke.

"I love Frederic."

"Don't answer me now," interrupted Mr. Poppleton, rising and turning to the door. "Take time to think the matter over. I'll be here to-morrow at the same hour to get your decision. Only remember, if you really do love my nephew, that you will not take a course that will ruin his prospects for life."

"No wonder the young rascal is bewitched," thought the old gentleman, as he took his way homeward, "she is certainly the most bewitching creature I ever saw!"

Mr. Poppleton expected his nephew back on the following day, and was, therefore, all the more anxious that the matter should be satisfactorily settled, promptly at the hour he had named to Rose. He was on hand to receive her decision.

"Mr. Poppleton, I cannot feel it would be right for me to break my engagement with my nephew; if he chooses to give me up, that is another thing. The thought of making trouble between you two gives me more pain than I can tell you. What possible objection can you have to me?"

Here poor Rose turned into tears.

"No objection to you, whatever, my dear," said Mr. Poppleton, taking one of the soft, white hands in both of his.

"On the contrary, I think you the most charming creature I ever saw!"

"Why then are you unwilling that I should marry your nephew?"

"Because I want to marry you myself."

Rose started to her feet.

"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"I was never more so in my life. I love you to distraction and shall consider myself the happiest of men if you will become Mrs. Josiah Poppleton."

Rose turned her flashing eyes upon the speaker with a look that he never forgot.

"If you were not Frederic's uncle I should express in very plain terms my opinion of you. As it is, I have only to say that there is the door, and to ask you to go."

Mr. Poppleton did not wait for a second invitation.

On reaching the corner he looked back, just in time to catch a glimpse of his nephew going in.

Feeling very much like one that had been raised to a great height and set down very suddenly, Mr. Poppleton went home.

Going up to his own room, he marched to the mirror.

"Josiah Poppleton," he said, shaking his fist at the reflection there, "you are a fraud, a dolt, an idiot, donkey! You are a scoundrel of the darkest dye, and if you were somebody else I'd punch your head!"

Having thus relieved his feelings he sat down.

Half an hour later he heard his nephew's well-known step on the walk. Rushing to the head of the stairs, he bawled out:

"John, say I'm sick, that I'm out, that I can't see anybody!"

But he was too late: Fred was in the hall and half way up the stairs.

"Ah, uncle!" cried the young man,

with a merry laugh, "that was a cunningly contrived plot of yours; the best joke I've heard yet! The cream of it is that Rose thought you were in earnest. You acted your part so naturally that it was some time before I could make her understand that you were only testing her love for me. But she sees it all now. You found Rose as true as steel, eh, uncle? and will make us both happy by giving your consent to our marriage?"

Mr. Poppleton not only gave this but presented Rose, on her wedding day, with a house completely furnished.

He seemed a little shy of her at first, but this soon wore away, or rather developed into the personal affection growing out of this mutual relation and the winning and lovable qualities of his nephew's wife.

This little episode in his life had the good effect of making him more distrustful of himself, more tolerant of the follies and weakness of others. And sometimes, as Rose looked back upon it, this question arose in her mind, which she never even suggested to her husband: "Was he in earnest?"

### Laying Submarine Cable.

Before laying a submarine cable between the proposed places it is extremely important to take soundings and otherwise survey the ocean, so as to determine the exact route the cable should take. A cable is too costly to be flung away anywhere on the sea bottom, and the sea bottom is sometimes of a very unfavorable character. It may be said that too little attention has hitherto been paid to this point in cable-laying. Expensive cables have been manufactured at home with their relative length of shore end, intermediate, and main determined by formula or usage, and then laid away in seas whose character has been largely taken for granted; the consequence being that weighted and costly shore-end has been deposited in mud soft as butter, where it would be out of harm's way; while unprotected main has been laid along the jagged surface of coral reefs. The depth and nature of the bottom, the strength and direction of the currents, the temperature at the bottom, should all be ascertained before hand by a special ship appointed to survey the proposed track of the cable. The best route for the cable is then laid down on the charts as a guide to the navigator and engineers engaged in the laying.

Great improvements have recently been made in the method of taking deep sea soundings. The ordinary plan is to carry the lead-line (a strong line or small rope of fine tarred Manila yarn) from the stern along the ship's side to the bows and there drop the lead into the sea. As it sinks the rope runs out of the drum on which it is coiled, and when the lead strikes bottom the running ceases. The introduction of piano-forte wire for the rope, by Sir William Thompson, is a great improvement on the clumsy method. The wire sinks quickly through the water, and is pulled in again with a very great saving of time and labor. But the most ingenious of all contrivances for finding the depth of the sea is Smeaton's bathometer. A very recent invention. The bathometer simply stands in the Captain's cabin like a barometer, and indicates the depth of the sea over which the ship is passing, just as a barometer indicates the height of the atmosphere above. The action of this ingenious contrivance depends on the attraction of the earth on a column of mercury. This attraction is proportional to the earth's density, and the relative distance of its crust from the mercury column. Earth being denser than water, exercises a greater downward attraction on the mercury. If, then, there are say a hundred fathoms of earth or rock, there will be less downward attraction on it. Taking advantage of this law, the mercury column is adjustable so as to indicate the power of the attraction and give the depth of the water it corresponds to.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### Amount of Dentistry Done in the United States.

That people are becoming aroused upon the subject of teeth can be seen from the employment of from eleven to twelve thousand dentists in our country alone, who according to the best authority, are annually parking into cavities in teeth no less than half a ton of pure gold, costing, owing partly to the great amount of labor required to furnish it, about half a million dollars, or one three-hundredth part of all the gold in the United States. Besides this, there probably is in weight four times as much cheaper material used for filling cavities in teeth, costing about \$150,000. In this country there are annually made about three millions of artificial teeth, mounted upon plates of gold, vulcanite and platinum, which contribute to keep the fingers of this busy profession at work. What is more wonderful is that not half of the people avail themselves of their valuable services who need them, not only for their health and happiness, but to maintain beauty of form and complexion of the face.

From statistics taken in America, it has been ascertained that out of an average of about eighty people of all classes, as we find them, only one can be found with perfect dental organs. All the rest are troubled more or less with decayed teeth.—*Farrar's Dental Parlor Talks.*

### The Poetry of Places.

Mr. Longfellow, who himself has lent the attraction of poetry to so many hills and streams and shores in his native land, and in Italy and Spain, has edited a collection of "Poems of Places." It is impossible, of course, to make a work of that sort exhaustive, and Mr. Longfellow has only attempted an itinerary of England. But a sentimental traveler may take singers for his guides, and follow Apollo Musagetes all over the world if he chooses. Not only has the charm of numberless scenes won some meed of verse from strangers surprised by the beauty, or from dwellers grateful for the constant consolations, of nature, but there is something attractive and musical in the very names of many of the ancient homes of man. Here, in England, we are not, perhaps, altogether fortunate in these titles of districts, towns and rivers. But the earlier races have left in wild Wales, and in the marches and Cornwall, names full of the mystery and fascination of the unknown times. From Ramsgate, and Porlock, and Chertsey, to Ceilyddon the Forest, to Cader Idris, to Agned Cathregom, is a long road, all the way from natural matter of fact to natural poetry. The Celtic and possibly even earlier words suggest and inspire poetry, the Teutonic names only suffer themselves to be used with reluctance. Mr. Tennyson's idyls show what melody there is in the Cornish terms, and Scott's sonorous list of peaks and ravines where the hunted stagled is an imperishable passage of poetry. Lord Macaulay's similar list, in the ballad of the Armada, has to deal with more stubborn stuff. The names are names of English homes and towers above the deep, the spirit of the song is high and free, but in the hill countries, where the older terms abide, there

### About Finger Rings.

The ring has for many ages formed a part of ecclesiastical insignia. It appears to have had a two-fold purpose and signification—the one as a mark of dignity and authority, and the other symbolic of the mystical union between the priesthood and the church. Prominent among these ecclesiastical rings are those worn by the Pope and Bishops in a variety of shapes and ornamentation. The Pope uses a ring for the purpose of affixing his signature to any documents. The usual types of Pontifical rings are massive hoops, with the crossed keys engraved upon them. In early times they were made of gilt bronze and set with precious stones.

Great importance is attached to Episcopal rings, which form a part of ecclesiastical investiture. They are generally set with a sapphire or a ruby, but their shape varies considerably.

Rings as pledges are betrothal and wedding rings are of very ancient origin. The Romans used iron as a material for their rings; this metal was chosen as symbolic of the lasting character of the engagement.

The ring was not used among Christians until the year 800. The plain gold wedding rings which are the fashion among Anglo-Saxon nations, came to us from the Saxons. A curious variety of the old wedding ring is the jewel or gemstone ring, consisting of two or more links, some plain, others elaborately ornamented and engraved with sacred inscriptions. Most curious in shape are the large and elaborately ornamented betrothal and marriage rings in use among the Jews. The summit of hoops is generally surmounted by a small temple or pyramid shaped tower opening upon a huge and representing the ark of the covenant. They are made for the use of the synagogue, and are placed on the fingers of the couple at a certain part of the marriage rites.

Many romantic tales are connected with ring tokens. For Englishmen one of the most interesting ring tokens is that which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex "in token of esteem," with the intimation that if he ever forfeited her favor and it should be sent back to her, the sight of it would insure his forgiveness.

Regard rings are of French origin. On them words are inscribed by means of the initials of the precious stones with which they are set.

The Prince of Wales on his marriage to the Princess Alexandra gave her a keeper a ring set with beryl, emerald, ruby, tourmaline, jacinth and emerald again, spelling thus his familiar name, Bertie.

Of remarkable rings there are several worthy of description. The gold signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots is one of them, and is described as being on the face with the motto, "in defensione," and her initials, M. R. In the inner side of the seal, a crowned monogram is engraved, formed of the letters M. and A. (for Mary and Albany), referring to the title of Lord Darnley as Duke of Albany.

The ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, is also preserved in the South Kensington Museum. It bears the two initials, M. and H., united by a lover's knot. In the hoop is the name engraved, "Henri L. Darnley," and the year of the marriage, 1565.

Shakespeare's signet ring is of tolerably large size, and evidently a gentleman's ring of Elizabeth's time. No positive proof can be adduced as to the authenticity of the ring having belonged to Shakespeare, yet it is accepted as such, having been found in 1810 by a laborer's wife upon the surface near the mill adjoining Stratford churchyard. This ring is now in the Shakespeare Museum in the town.

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### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is a great evil not to be able to bear an evil.

Knife-wounds heal, but not those produced by words.

Passion costs too much to bestow it upon every trifling.

The master's eye will do more work than both his hands.

He who only half belongs to God is altogether the devil's.

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.

Great talkers are like broken pitchers—everything runs out of them.

We learn much in affliction that we can be taught in no other school.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of a child.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Indolence is the mother of all sins, and a man who would conquer any other evil passion must begin with conquering this.

Where one wishes to injure persons, the first thing to do is to assume an air of great impartiality with regard to them.—*Douglas.*

An hour's industry will do more to exult cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moping.

Persuasion merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

A little misery sweetens life. It is the salt that makes it palatable and wholesome; the shade that relieves and sets off the monotony and brilliancy of the sunshine.

The pleasure of being master of one's self and of one's passions should be balanced with that of controlling them; it will not rise above if we know what is liberty.

Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou useth for present things.

An inclination towards still sitting comfort nestles in man like a great dog he feels himself pricked and reared a thousand times rather than take the trouble to jump up instead of growling.

When thou hast done a good act, and another has received it, why dost thou still look for a third thing beside these, as fools do, to the reputation of having done a good act, or to obtain a reward?

Honor is a soft fatigue. It is easier riding in a gilded and embossed saddle, Atlas, while he sustains the world upon his shoulders is himself sustained by the admiration which his feat excites.—*Boece.*

Plenty and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and riches, no more than glory or health, have no more beauty or pleasure than their possessor is pleased to lend them.—*Montaigne.*

I have known folks who have never committed a blunder whose hearts are as dry as dust; and others who have constantly trusted and betrayed, whose sympathies are as warm and quick as an angel.—*Cecil de la Roche.*

He who confers a favor should at once forget it, if he is not to show a sordid, ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk of it, is quite different from reproach.—*Deshautes.*

The imagination often magnifies the veriest trifle, by a false and romantic preference, till it fills the whole soul; or, in its heedless presumption, brings down the most elevated subjects to our own low standard.—*Pascal.*

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all men on the same level, inasmuch that life itself would be a punishment without it.

Kindness does not always produce what we expect; from a hand which we hate they are regarded as offenses; the more we lavish upon one whom may hate us, the more arms we give him who wishes to betray us.—*Cornelius.*

The miser toils for riches, the hero for fame, the scholar that his name may be known to coming ages. How much higher and nobler is the aim of a Christian who is living for all eternity, toiling for a crown of everlasting life!

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused and laugh at the time, but later will be remembered, and brought up against him upon some subsequent occasion.—*Falconer.*

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for the feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure upon the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change.—*Colton.*

If we except the blessings of strength, health, and the testimony of a good conscience, all the other conveniences and pleasures of life depend upon opinion. Except pain of body and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.—*Rousseau.*

It is with glory as with beauty; for as a single fine lineament cannot make a handsome face, neither can a single good quality render a man accomplished; but a number of many fine features and good qualities make true beauty and true honor.—*Brueyer.*

Rising glory occasions the greatest envy, as kindling fires the greatest smoke. Envy is the reverse of charity; and is that the supreme source of pleasure, so this is of pain. Envy has under its banner hatred, calumny, treachery, with the meagreness of famine, the venom of pestilence, and the rage of war.—*Spencer.*

Better draw the cork of your indignation and let it foam and fume than to wire it down to turn sour and acid within you. Sulks affect the liver and are still worse to heart and soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have been called upon to bear. What ever you do, do not sulks.

A Beautiful Thought.

When the summer of youth is slowly waning away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes thick, fresh foliage, the daughter of Pandaroe made her lament for Ithys. It is a more natural coincidence which unites the names of Eton and of Gray. Oxford has her poet, and a very sweet and scholarly poet, in Mr. Norton; and it was hardly kind of Mr. Longfellow to sully the name of Magdalen College by association with some wretched slang doggerel by Mr. Thornbury, who has done for other places far better things. As we go north and west, poets become more common, and Mr. Hawker seems as much at home on the fantastic and solemn coast of Cornwall as Coleridge and Wordsworth among their lakes and hills. In a contest of north and south the poets of England are strong on the former side. Who has written in so surly a mind of Tweed, and Till and Tyne—and why has Mr. Longfellow omitted "The ways are fair from Till to Tyne"?—as Robert Herrick wrote of Prett, dull Devonshire,—"Dean-born, farewell, I never look to see thee more, thy warty incivility."

"Discontents in Devon, indeed," and warty incivility of a sort which no poet has found it in his heart to bestow on the north country.—*London Daily News.*

When the summer of youth is slowly waning away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes thick, fresh foliage, the daughter of Pandaroe made her lament for Ithys. It is a more natural coincidence which unites the names of Eton and of Gray. Oxford has her poet, and a very sweet and scholarly poet, in Mr. Norton; and it was hardly kind of Mr. Longfellow to sully the name of Magdalen College by association with some wretched slang doggerel by Mr. Thornbury, who has done for other places far better things. As we go north and west, poets become more common, and Mr. Hawker seems as much at home on the







SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. J. A. Clopton.

Of Jacksonville, Alabama, may be consulted in Jacksonville on the 1, 2, 3, of October. He is now instructing officers in the treatment of Piles and Fistula. Dr. C. treats Piles, Fistula, Strictures, Ulcers, Cancerous Affections, Rheumatism, etc. in less time than it can be cured at Hot Springs, Ark. Dr. C. has taken in nearly \$500,000 by his practice, and will now instruct others so that they can heal Piles and Fistula with perfect success.

He will be in Oxford, Oct. 4th, 1877.

LETTERS FROM PATIENTS.

Oxford, Ala. Aug. 28, 1877.

Dr. J. A. Clopton, Rome, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter yesterday, and I am glad to hear you are still traveling around the afflicted. On the first day of June of last year I called on you, with a very bad case of Piles, which I had for more than 40 years, often so went, that I could not walk a hundred yards without returning home. Since that time I have not had the least symptom, and consider myself perfectly cured, and am now stronger and able to do more work than for several years before, for which I can never be thankful enough to you. I am 66 years of age.

Yours respectfully,  
JACOB RICHELBERGER.

Oxford, Ala. Feb'y 1st, 1876.

Dear Sir:—Yours is at hand, and it gives me the greatest satisfaction to say to you, and to the afflicted, that your operation upon me for Piles—five years ago—was a perfect success, and that I have not felt the slightest symptoms of a return of the disease since the operation. I had been a great sufferer for twelve years—and feel that your visit to our town has proven an invaluable blessing to me. It affords me much pleasure to recommend you to the afflicted as a most skillful and successful operator.

Very Respectfully,  
E. T. SMITH,  
Pastor of Oxford Baptist Church.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro. Davies: Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit. From any source. Since coming to you, I have been cured. I have a bottle of Thrush's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, a month or there, with a very bad case of this medicine. No druggist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrush & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on finely.

(Signed) LOVIE PIERCE.  
For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala. Sep. 23—2m.

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used Bosman's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, about it. Sample bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET.

Town Taxes.

All persons are hereby notified that the Council will meet Wednesday night, September 19th, in the Mayor's office, for the purpose of correcting any errors in the assessment of Town Taxes for 1877.

H. L. STEVENSON, Sept. 6th, 1877.

FRESH CHEESE.

First of the season and very nice, just received at

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETT'S and get you a good, neat Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

A few pair of neat, strong and durable buggy harness on hand, will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for wheat or flour. Apply at once at the Red Store.

JOHN H. CRAWFORD, Jacksonville, Ala. 18, 1877.

DENTISTRY.

H. D. BARR.

WISHES to inform his patrons and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work which he will guarantee.

Full upper set Teeth, \$20 00

"upper & lower " 20 00

Partial set, 10 00

Gold fillings, each, 1 00

Silver, Rubber, Bone, Tin foil, each, 1 00

Extracting teeth, each, 1 00

No charge for extracting teeth when artificial teeth are inserted.

He uses the best and latest improved materials. Prompt attention given to people at a distance.

Apply Surgeon Dentist, Oxford, Ala. Office over J. R. GIBSON'S Store. Special attention given to extracting and filling on teeth. Aug 5—1f

A BARGAIN.

\$1,700.—THE undersigned offers near Jacksonville for \$1,700. It contains one hundred and twenty acres of land, nearly all cleared—good orchards, three good farm houses, out houses, two belds (one for stock and one for poultry), running water in every lot, and about ten acres of the very best mow land in this country. One of the farm houses was put up last fall at a cash expense of six hundred dollars. The present price for the place, since the year, \$3,600. Desire to move to Texas is his reason for selling at a sacrifice.

Address L. W. GRANT, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

\$400.—EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, within three miles of Jacksonville, on main road. Two thousand loads of wood can be cut from it. Growth mostly Post Oak. Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.

Address L. W. GRANT, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of Hamilton, Benie as Adm. of A. Hudson, dec. and against Archibald Mahaffy, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: part of the south half of section 36, township 14, range 8, and east half of south west fourth, and south east fourth of north east fourth of section 27, township 14, range 9, south east fourth of south east fourth of section 22, township 14, range 9, 224—levied on as the property of Archibald Mahaffy to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one execution issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Alabama and to me directed, in favor of Samuel Bevan & Co. against Robert Alexander, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The west half of the south west fourth and east half of the north west fourth of section 16, township 14, range 8, in all 160 acres—levied upon as the property of Robert Alexander to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one alias f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Alabama and to me directed, in favor of Foster & Forney and against Robert Alexander, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The west half of the south west fourth and east half of the north west fourth of section 16, township 14, range 8, in all 160 acres—levied upon as the property of Robert Alexander to satisfy said alias f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of Elizabeth P. Wright and against Henry Snow, Parcella Snow and John R. Graham, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The east half of the north e. q. section 16, township 16, range 8; the west half of north west q. and north east q. of north west fourth of section 15, township 16, range 8; part of the west half of section 21, township 16, range 8; W. half of section 21, township 16, range 8; part of the north half of section 30, township 16, range 8; west half of section 28, township 16, range 8; north half of section 22, township 16, range 8; levied on as the property of Henry Snow and Parcella Snow to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

Annual Settlement Notice.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court, Aug. 21, 1877.

Elias Greig, Deceased, Estate of.

THIS day came J. Z. Brock, Administrator of said estate, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers and evidence for an annual settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 18th day of September 1877 be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Aug. 25—2f.

Final Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court, Special Term, August 22nd, 1877.

C. T. O'Keefe, Deceased, Estate of.

THIS day came Geo. L. Turnley, the Administrator of said estate, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers and evidence for an annual settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 18th day of September 1877 be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

August 25—2f.

WOOL CARDING!

The undersigned respectfully

increases the public that he is

now prepared to do Wool Carding

promptly at any time.

Prices for Carding.

Ten cents per pound where the grease is

furnished, or 12 1/2 cents where it is not.

The Carding Machine is run by water

power, and is

Situated Four Miles Northwest of

Jacksonville.

The undersigned returns sincere thanks

for past patronage and hopes by doing his

work thoroughly and well to merit a con-

tinuance of the same.

M. L. RICHIEY.

Jacksonville, Ala., Aug. 4, 1877—4w

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

HAVING bought the entire

interest of J. W. Fullerton in the

Assignee's Sale.

BY virtue of the power vested in me, as Assignee of the estate of Mrs. B. P. O'Connor, Bankrupt, I will sell at SEPTEMBER 25th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, to the highest bidder, ONE HOUSE and LOT fronting one hundred and twenty-eight (128) feet on Main street, and extending back two hundred and forty (240) feet, bounded on one side by an alley, and on the other by a vacant lot owned by W. O. Hutchinson.

On this lot is a five-room house and kitchen. Three minutes' walk from the Post-Office; three hundred yards from Court House, and within ten minutes' walk of four churches.

Sold for the benefit of the creditors of Mrs. B. P. O'Connor, Bankrupt.

Terms, Cash. Parties are referred to John M. Caldwell, Attorney, Jacksonville, who has charge of the property.

NOAH R. FOWLER, Assignee.

Sept. 1, 1877—tds.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, and to me directed, in favor of Thomas McQuin, and against James Snow, John R. Smith and W. F. McCulloch, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described property, to-wit: The south west fourth of section 22, township 17, range 8, and west half of section 27, township 17, range 8, and part of section 28, township 17, range 8, in all 62 1/2 acres, levied on as the property of J. F. Smith to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of the Singing Machine Company, against W. F. Alexander, Robert Alexander, R. D. Williams and J. R. Hudson, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The west half of the south west fourth and east half of the north west fourth of section 16, township 14, range 8, in all 160 acres—levied upon as the property of Robert Alexander to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of Elizabeth P. Wright and against Henry Snow, Parcella Snow and John R. Graham, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The east half of the north e. q. section 16, township 16, range 8; the west half of north west q. and north east q. of north west fourth of section 15, township 16, range 8; part of the west half of section 21, township 16, range 8; W. half of section 21, township 16, range 8; part of the north half of section 30, township 16, range 8; west half of section 28, township 16, range 8; north half of section 22, township 16, range 8; levied on as the property of Henry Snow to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of Elizabeth P. Wright and against Henry Snow, Parcella Snow and John R. Graham, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: The east half of the north e. q. section 16, township 16, range 8; the west half of north west q. and north east q. of north west fourth of section 15, township 16, range 8; part of the west half of section 21, township 16, range 8; W. half of section 21, township 16, range 8; part of the north half of section 30, township 16, range 8; west half of section 28, township 16, range 8; north half of section 22, township 16, range 8; levied on as the property of Henry Snow to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of three f. a. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of Catharine McPherson and against J. W. Watkins, H. Snow, Wm. Harrison, P. Harrison, A. F. Ballard, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described land, to-wit: eighty acres, known as the McKenzie land, supposed to be in section 25, also 80 acres, supposed to be in section 24, township 16, range 8, levied on as the property of J. W. Watkins to satisfy said f. a.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

J. JOURNEY, Dep. Shff.

Sept. 1, 1877—5f.

State Agricultural and Mechanical College.

AUBURN, ALA.

Next Term Begins Sept. 26th, 1877.

1. Independent courses are taught—Agriculture, Literature, Science, Engineering, Surveying.

2. A complete Preparatory school is provided, with graded classes, free of tuition.

English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Latin and Greek, thoroughly taught in this school.

Special attention given to Penmanship and Book-keeping.

3. By recent ordinance of the Board of Trustees, the following reduced rates have been established: Each Cadet from Alabama, or elsewhere, at the beginning of each term, or half year, must deposit with the Treasurer—Contingent fee, \$5; Surgeon's fee, \$2.00. Total College fees per term, \$7.00.

EXPENSES PER TERM.

Term's Fee.

Board and Lodging.....\$40.00 to \$58.50







# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2109.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00

For six months in advance, \$1.00

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## NOON IN THE WOODS.

The calmness of this noontide hour,  
The shadow of each wilding flower,  
The fragrance of each wilding flower,  
Are marvellously good;  
O, here crazed spirits breathe the balm  
Of nature's solitude.

It is a most delicious calm  
That resteth everywhere,  
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,  
Of felt but voiceless prayer!  
With hearts too full to speak their bliss  
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less  
In this most tranquil hour  
Of deep, unbroken dreaminess,  
They own that love and power  
Which, like the softest smile, rests  
On every leaf and flower.

[From the Haddonfield Asteroid.]

## Max Vernon's "School Marm."

BY LILLIAN LESTRANGE.

"Well, Guy, I'm in luck at last!"

quoth Max Vernon.

"How, my boy?" queried his friend.

"Didn't I tell you? I've been jilted,"

was the careless rejoinder.

"Nay, proceed, I'm all ears," and Guy

Clinton threw himself back in his

chair, preparing to listen attentively.

"I suppose you heard that I was en-

gaged to the rich and beautiful Miss

Milroy; but she soon grew tired of me

and threw me overboard for a wealthier

suit." "You're kidding," said Guy.

"Then he continued, "So I am tired of

these faithless women, and have at last

found a place where I can spend the

summer in peace and not see one of the

opposite sex except the landlady, who is

old and ugly, besides being married.

"So I won't lose my heart and 'pop

the question' to her."

Though the words were spoken light-

ly enough, a keen observer might have

detected a little hidden pain in the mel-

low voice.

"Poor fellow," and Guy patted his

shoulder paternally. "He doesn't seem

much the worse for wear."

"I'll wager that before you have been

there a month you'll give your heart to

some sly country girl. And now, where

is this paragon of excellence—a male

boarding house?"

"Up the river a piece, at the desolate

little town of Wermouth. I selected

that place, not because of its loneliness,

but for the splendid hunting and fish-

ing there. Come up and stay awhile

when you have time."

"Thanks. I shall most certainly avail

myself of the invitation," was Guy's

reply; then glancing at his watch he

added: "And now I must be off, as I

have an engagement at three, and it

is a quarter to that time now.

Good-bye, and don't commit yourself to

the milkmaids, and he walked rapidly

away.

Max did not move, but thrust his

head in his hands. If Shakespeare had

only written "In bachelor meditation

fancy free," it could most certainly be

quoted here.

It was a dreary, desolate place that

Max Vernon came to the next day. Not

a house was in sight, and the young

man walked about a mile before he

came to his place of abode, a large,

roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse, situ-

ated on a high hill, and where the cool

breeze was wafted from the river be-

low.

Max "slept the sleep of the just" that

night, and awoke the next morning

feeling greatly refreshed. Hurrying

through his breakfast he took his gun

and went off in search of game, only re-

turning to dinner, when, horrors, Mrs.

Graham (the landlady) informed him

that "there wuz no wimen folks no-

where about the house except the school

marm, who boarded with them, and

she, Mrs. Graham hoped that he

wouldn't care for, for she warn't one of

them kind of flirty girls and he wouldn't

see much of her, for she was teachin'

school most all the live long day."

Max Vernon inwardly wished all

"school marms" were in "Halifax,"

but he didn't say so, and only asked

how it was he had not seen her the

night before.

"Oh, she didn't feel well and went to

bed early," explained Mrs. Graham,

and then hurried away to attend to

something in the kitchen, while Max

thought, "Some old maid, I daresay,

and of course I won't see much of her."

At supper Miss Winters again was

absent, and Miss Graham said that

she went home with one of the chil-

dren, as "they wuz all mighty fond of

her."

The next morning when Max came

down stairs Miss Winters had started

for her school. He really began to be

curious as to what she was like after

having so many times been foiled in

seeing her.

In the afternoon he rambled about

in the woods, feeling rather lonely,

when suddenly he came across such a

pretty picture that he stopped and

looked long at it.

Only a young girl standing on tiptoe

trying to pull down a branch of a tree,

and a group of merry, laughing chil-

dren around her. When it was at last

broken she handed it to the little ones,

who soon made a pretty wreath of it,

placing wild flowers here and there.

After it was finished they placed it on

the pretty, graceful head of the girl,

and then cried delightedly, "Now,

Miss Dora, you just look sweet. Won't

you wear it home?" The assent was

smilingly given, and then Max hurried

away, fearing that perhaps the children

would be frightened if they saw a

strange face.

"Then he wondered who this pretty

girl could be. Doubtless she lived down

in the village.

But as he was going towards the

house in the evening, what was his sur-

prise to see the girl he had seen in the

woods, just entering the door.

At supper they were introduced, and

Max said, looking into the dark eyes,

"I believe I've met Miss Winters be-

fore."

Dora looked up into the handsome

face with amazement, and Max, smil-

ing at the blushing countenance, told

her all that he had seen in the woods.

"Yes, we were just coming home

from school and the children wanted to

stop and gather some flowers, and as I

knew it would not be dark for some

time I consented," Dora explained.

"And are you the school marm—

teacher, I mean?" said Max, getting

rather red at his mistake.

She smiled at his surprised face.

"Why, Mr. Vernon, I really like

teaching the children—they are so nice

and good."

After tea Dora sang many gay little

songs in her clear, sweet voice. Max

was charmed with her. She was so

fresh and winning to him, accustomed

to the drawing room belles.

Weeks passed away, and one after-

noon Max was surprised at seeing Guy

Clinton—perhaps he was not as glad as

he would have been a month ago.

No more tete-a-tetes with Dora Win-

ters, whom he had come to regard as

"a perfect woman nobly planned."

He walked, rode, read and sang with

her, and though he thought he did not

love her, yet he did not want any one

to step into his place.

But he welcomed his friend cordially,

and the summer days glided pleasantly

by, and Max Vernon was angry and

pained to hear Guy tell him he was in

love with Miss Winters and was going

to propose.

Why was it then that his own heart

beat so wildly? For Max Vernon was

surely not a woman lover.

Guy had that afternoon asked Miss

Winters to go out boating, and she had

consented.

It was a bright day in September,

but suddenly, when they were far out

violent storm arose, while the sky be-

came dark and heavy.

Max, with an undefined dread in his

heart which he could not account for,

hurried down to the river side, and

straining his eyes saw, far out, a small

boat rocking from side to side.

There was nothing to do except to

wait. Then suddenly a thought struck

him. Neither knew how to swim, and

both would be drowned.

He hurried to the small boat house

near by and got a boat, in spite of all

the fishermen's remonstrance.

"It is a matter of life and death," he

said, "and if you will not go with me I

must go alone."

So the man got in with him, and they

rowed out to where they could see the

white speck. Max rowed quickly to-

ward it and saw Dora Winters there

alone.

"I will help you in a minute," he

shouted hoarsely, and in a little while

he had taken her from the small boat,

which was fast filling with water.

Dora, for the first time in her life, had

fainted, and when she returned to con-

sciousness the kind, motherly face of

Mrs. Graham was bending anxiously

over her.

"Oh, Miss Winters, I'm so glad you're

all right again, for when Mr. Vernon

b



SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1877.

The Radicals have again, elected a Governor and State officers in Maine, but by a woefully reduced majority.

The death of M. Thiers, the greatest of French statesmen, is deeply regretted throughout the civilized world. His loss may result in the overthrow of Republicanism in France.

The armies of Russia and Turkey are now in close proximity, and a great battle is imminent. Reports that lack confirmation declare that the Turks have been defeated at Plevna.

The Democratic victory in California, resulting in the election of a Democratic Legislature, will secure a Democratic U. S. Senator in the place of that old Radical scoundrel, Elmyr Sargeant.

Hayes has taken the pains to have it telegraphed to the country that his stool pigeon Key does not retract the expression "erring Southern brethren" in the face of the clamor of the Southern press. Key has said he uttered it joyfully, but his master won't have it go that way. Silly Hayes! Poor devil Key!

#### Alabama Cotton Report.

The Mobile Cotton Exchange crop report for August says: From forty-five counties in Alabama 144 letters were received. The weather during August has been generally very dry, occasional showers. In few localities it has been more favorable than during same period last year. The cotton has fruited well and retained its squares and bolls in low lands, but there has been considerable shedding in uplands, caused by dry warm weather and rust. The present condition of the crop, though not as good as at date of last report, is better than was reported at this time last year. Picking has commenced and will become general from the 10th to the 15th of September. There is no complaint of damage to the crop by worms, but drought and rust have greatly depreciated the prospect of the first of August.

#### Blunt springs Convention.

The Blount Springs Convention was a representative body. In the hall the eye took in at one and the same time the mere pleasure seeker, previously up on the ground in the ostensible pursuit of health; the honest, earnest farmer, who had attended with the hope of catching an idea of benefit to him; the railroad man, with mind upon the late strikes, keenly watching the current of public thought; the active commercial man with an eye to the money in it; the politician, and last but not least the Col. Sellers of the country with an eye to the advancement and glory of the State and an appropriation.

It was altogether a heterogeneous mass, but, as we said, representative of every interest of the State. The coming together of such a body of men and the free interchange of thought thus brought about every year cannot but result in great benefit to the State.

The papers read pursuant to regular programme and the discussion they elicited will be, when published, the means of the dissemination of most valuable information to the people of the State and an advertisement of her resources to the outside world.

Among the notabilities present we met Gen. Pettus, who, the newspapers say, is to sit on the U. S. Supreme Court bench—a lawyer in the foremost rank of his profession and a representative Southern man; Gen. Morgan, our present U. S. Senator, who will be of immense benefit to Alabama in the position he occupies, and who has no other ambition than to do her good; Hon. Francis W. Sykes, who rightfully owns the seat Spencer now usurps; Hon. J. L. Pugh, who was one of the most formidable competitors of Gen. Morgan for the U. S. Senate; Gov. Houston, who has done so much toward bringing the State out of her financial difficulties; Messrs Lawler and Bethea, who were associated with the Governor on the debt commission; Col. Herbert, member elect to Congress from the Montgomery District, when we remembered for his gallantry at Gettysburg; Gen. Shelby, member of Congress elect from the Selma District, who led a forlorn hope and gallantly rescued that District from the more than midnight darkness of Radicalism; Col. W. L. Chambers, the originator of the convention; Col. Jos. Hodgson, the brilliant author of "Cradle of the Confederacy;" Hon. Thos. H. Price, of Mobile; Hon. Rufus Cobb, President of the State Senate, and very prominent for Governor; Hon. R. K. Boyd, Sec'y of State; Hon. J. V. A. Sandford, Attorney-General; Hon. B. B. Lewis, Ex-Member of Congress, who is spoken of for the U. S. Senate; Hon. C. C. Langdon, of whom the newspapers have been talking for Governor; Maj. Sloss, President of the S. & N. R. R. and others of no less note whom we cannot now enumerate. Among those present whom we did not meet was Hon. Mr. Jones, Congressman elect from the Mobile District; Hon. W. W. Garth, Congressman elect from the Huntsville District; Ex-Governors Watts and Patton and others.

All these brilliant and accomplished men were interested in the results of the Convention, and where such men as these put their shoulders to the wheel, things are bound to move.

Present with us at the Convention from this county was Maj. J. H. Francis, Washington correspondent of many Alabama papers, and Mr. J. W. Whiteside, one of our most progressive and prosperous farmers.

Elsewhere we publish the address of Col. Chambers, President of the Convention, which sufficiently explains its object.

#### Raphael Semmes.

Admiral Semmes died a few days ago at Point-Clair, near Mobile. The Mobile Register gives an interesting biography of this dead Admiral, from which we clip a few paragraphs: "His death has been a fit close of his well-spent and glorious life. A few days' disease having diminished him that death was inevitable he calmly prepared to meet it as he had met other overpowering foes. His worldly goods being few, demanded but little of his time. To a noble, devoted wife, to children whom he so dearly loved, he had no inheritance to bestow but his own proud name, the souvenir of his virtues, the example of his patriotism. To-day, in the narrow confines of a humble grave, where already he entombed some once dear to him, on the green banks of a little tranquil brook, to which Bienville's brother gave his own name, in the retired and calm retreat of the Catholic grave yard, the remains of one so much loved by his country, so much feared by her enemies, will gently be laid to rest. A simple monument, perhaps nothing more than a modest wooden cross, emblem of our salvation, will mark his last place of repose.

The Southern Calendar Clock Company have had their employees in our midst for more than a week, and so far they have won golden opinions by their gentlemanly bearing. Below we publish testimonials from the people of Pulaski county Georgia, where they operated in April. We shall speak of the merits of their beautiful clock hereafter. We have had one for a week, and so far are perfectly satisfied with it.

From Hawkinsville Dispatch.

HAWKINSVILLE, GA., April 1877.

GENTLEMEN—Each one of us having purchased one of your valuable "Fashion" Clocks, we desire to our friends and the public should know how we appreciate the same. We say, as all others, that it is the most perfect piece of mechanism we have ever seen. The Calendar is perfect in its work; the time department cannot be surpassed, and the finish is the finest we have ever seen put to a clock. It gives us pleasure in recommending so worthy an article, and also to do business with as energetic and fair dealing gentlemen as you are. Your One Price System we appreciate, and we wish you good success elsewhere as you have had in our country.

Very respectfully,

J. Ellis, Mrs. Scarborough, John Rutherford, J. W. Jones, Robert Taylor, J. K. Barnes, W. H. Sumnerford, W. H. Brown, S. H. Thompson, R. K. Hudson, Aaron J. Luckman, Wesley Leroy, J. E. Lewis, J. M. D. Perry, B. H. Story, W. B. Judge, T. J. Renfro, John Hauchter, D. J. Coley, R. B. Meigs, R. M. Nether, W. H. Sumnerford, Alex. Reagan, J. T. Jordan, Duane McEachern, Mrs. Fannie Jones, Frank Leroy, Judge C. A. Solomon, Wm G. Gunn, H. C. Walters, W. H. Wilson, R. T. Williams, R. T. Williams, R. T. Williams, E. C. Griffin, H. T. Yule, R. T. Williams, J. R. Sauls, Lafayette Reagan, John Daniel, David McAlister, Frank Balkcom, Elmer J. R. Holmes, W. H. Joiner, J. H. Downs, J. C. Shannon, Isham Smith, W. L. Hooks, Elmer J. R. Holmes, Joe N. Allen, C. M. Lester, J. T. Borum, W. H. Lane, N. N. Kinnert, H. Marshall, H. Marshall, E. N. Grier, Joshua Coffey.

STATE OF GEORGIA—Pulaski County. I, P. T. McGRIF, Ordinary of said county, do hereby certify that personally acquainted with a number of the foregoing named persons, and am fully satisfied that they are reliable. The character of citizens they are well known in this county first-class, and I am satisfied from that fact, as well as being personally acquainted with a great many of the parties they have sold to in the counties of Twiggs, Houston, Decatur, and Wilcox that they are reliable.

I further certify that since the company have been doing business in this section, having Hawkinsville their headquarters, I have become acquainted with each and every one of the company, and from the deportment of the entire company, I feel no hesitancy in saying that they are gentlemen of reliability and worthy of confidence.

Witness my hand and seal of office this April 12th, 1877.

P. T. McGRIF, Ordinary.

#### In Memory of Mrs. Dr. M. M. Pelham

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of an All-wise and Merciful Providence, our sister and friend, Mrs. Pelham, departed this life on the 16th of August, 1877, be it

Resolved, by the Alexandria Grange, that in the death of Mrs. Pelham our community, our Grange, the Church, and the bereaved family have sustained a sad and irreparable loss. Our hearts are truly grieved in parting with her, whom we all loved and esteemed. We who have long been acquainted with her feel no hesitancy in saying that every sphere of life—be it as a companion, as a mother, as a member of the Church, and as a Granger and good citizen, she was faithful and consistent, and an ornament in every position of her life. She was the worthy mother of the noble and gallant Pelham, whom we yet and ever will delight to honor. Her free and generous heart and liberal hands were ever ready to relieve the distress and supply the wants of the suffering soldiers during our late war. In fact, her home was really a warlike hospital, where hundreds of our brave soldiers found rest and food in abundance, and always without expense.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere and hearty sympathies to the family of our deceased sister in this sad affliction, and that they will look to the same source for comfort that our sister did in her last hours of life: "That peace that only Jesus can give to his dying saints."

Done by order of Alexandria Grange August 26th, 1877.

#### ADDRESS OF COL. CHAMBERS.

President of the Industrial Convention.

Gentlemen of the Convention.—During the last two years I had occasion to visit almost every section of the State and have been enabled in this way to learn from personal observation, much of the resources of Alabama and the condition of her people. I have seen her agriculture languishing on the bosom of soil which in native fertility and capacity for varied productions is unsurpassed on the continent. I have seen her untold wealth of iron, coal and copper sleeping in almost unvisited solitude amid the vastness of her vast and unexplored domain, while our villages, towns and cities have been crowded with idle muscle enough to turn them into gold. I have seen the hard earnings of her people sent to enrich the manufacturers of cotton and wool in every part of the sections of the Union, while her untamable resources, furnishing power enough to turn ten thousand wheels, rushed idly through her fields of raw material. I have seen toiling industry bowed down with disappointment before blighted harvests, and failing enterprises. I have seen a State rich in all the elements of national prosperity clad in rags, and with scarcely bread enough for her children. I have seen nature standing with both hands filled with plenty, ready to dispense her blessings amid a people crushed with bankruptcy and despondency. I have thought of Alabama as she might be, and as some day she will be, until my heart has swelled with pride in contemplation of the possible greatness of the grand old Commonwealth. I have looked at her in her impoverished condition, and my soul has been saddened with a sense of her seeming helplessness. We can feed and clothe our people and sell our surplus enough to make our children rich, and yet we are annually importing thousands of tons of foreign wheat to feed the people, and we are annually importing thousands of tons of foreign coal to burn in our factories. We have coal and iron enough to fill the markets of the world with our wares, and yet we are buying from others nearly all the manufactures we consume. With the productions of almost every branch of our agriculture, and the touch of well directed industry, and spring in profusion from our own inexhaustible storehouses, we are pensioners upon less favored countries for our daily supplies.

Why in the midst of such opulence of nature are we so poor? This question is one which may well engage the thoughts of our wisest men. It has seemed to me the question was worthy of an occasion like this, and therefore a number of our thoughtful citizens, after consultation, have asked you, the representatives of the various industries of the State, to meet each other here in convention. The state of the public mind is favorable for the consideration of these great interests. The storms of war, and of a political agitate, scarcely less agitating than war itself, have passed away. The first time in sixteen years the popular mind is in composure. The mischievous and misguided efforts at reconstruction by the General Government have been succeeded in every Southern State by a general feeling of reconciliation, and consummated by our own people, in which the imported constitutions made for us by strangers who never understood our wants have been swept away with their intermeddling authors, and the ruins and rubbish of our buried controversy have been cleared away. The reconstruction having been thus disposed of, and the public mind relieved of the painful tension in which it has been held by the discussion of these exciting issues, we are now prepared to consider the questions which have been brought before us in this convention.

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With such a country, the fault is ours if its future be not a bright one. Shall we fail? Are not our people equal to the demands of this new departure in Southern civilization? No field of endeavor which the South has ever entered has she failed to win for herself the proudest distinction. A country which has produced Generals like Washington and Lee; statesmen like Jefferson and Madison; orators like Henry and Calhoun; editors like Ritchie and Trenton; divines like Bascom and Thornburgh, has no cause to blush for her achievements, and when it shall give the same attention to the industrial arts which it has heretofore given to the military and political professions, it will exhibit to the world a picture in that field equal to any the world has ever furnished.

A letter arrived last week, at Newton, Hamilton county, for Mrs. Lusia Hawn. The postmaster asked if he knew any woman of that name. He replied that he did not. The old man went to his home, some three miles away, and asked his wife if she knew a woman whose name was Lusia Hawn. "Yes," she replied, "that's my name." "Well," said the old man scratching his head, "I have called you Mother so long—nearly forty years—that I had nearly forgotten your first name. There is a letter in the post office for you at Newton." So back he went, got the letter, and now knows his wife's first name.

Oh, who would die in summer, when trees are clothed in green; when the June bug warbles sweetly, and the stranger poles the bean; when the melon and the collie hand in hand together with their sweetest and loveliest maidens, when ice-cream, and worms, and picnic reign supremely thro' the day, and the devil—and the doctor—at midnight are to pay; when the house-fly spoils our delicacies, and mosquitoes spoil our sleep—we would think no more of dying than we would of stealing sheep.—Oh, no!

Come, everybody, and smoke and treat your friends. Good Cigars at MADDON & PRIVETT'S. Three for 10 cents.

has sprung up a system incomparably more useful than that which it superseded; and so it may be, that out of the wreck of our former institutions may spring a new South, destined to a future even more glorious than that which we have achieved, and we have been left to share the benevolent destiny of the world. You have been convinced that you may aid in the achievement of these grand results. We want the inspiration of that great enterprise which requires united effort, but to be created by the individual enterprise and improvement. In the arts of peace, as of war, the touch of the elbow is important. It begets confidence, awakens enthusiasm, stimulates rivalry. Bringing together the men of separate localities, who are imbued with the spirit of progress, makes each individual more progressive, and thus accomplishes the double purpose of uniting the forces of activity, and utilizing them in a concerted movement. This is what we profess in this convention. We are considering the problem of its future prosperity; men who, without forgetting the South of other days, realize that the glories of its future are not to be dug up out of the ruins of its old institutions, but to be created by their energies out of the elements of a new civilization. The soldier who wastes his time in useless lamentations amid the dead of a lost battle-field, will never repair the damages of defeat; while he who rises from the dust of one disaster, buckles on his armor and gathers about him the forces which are left to him for a renewed campaign, may win upon another field a victory that shall compensate for all that was lost upon the first. There is no disloyalty to the buried past in the who are laboring for a new South. The past has its memories which can never die. We will nurture them while we live, and dying transmit them as a priceless legacy to the generations that come after us. But standing amid the glories of the past, and hoping to bequeath them to the future, if we permitted the recollections of the past to make us unmindful of the duties of the present. In laboring for the restoration of the South we shall but achieve for our children the glorious destiny which our fathers dreamed of, and thus in the prosperity of the country to which they gave their lives, we erect to their memory the noblest monument of our gratitude.

Never had any people a grander opportunity than you men of Alabama possess. If this golden hour, when we are exploring the advantages of every quarter of the globe, might they pause, and looking over their fertile plains, its old manna, its majestic rivers, its exhaustless beds of mineral wealth, its splendid forests, and its fertile soil, they would find them in richer profusion than that part of it which we call Alabama. Here, after wandering from pole to pole, from sea to sea, we are exploring the advantages of every quarter of the globe, might they pause, and looking over their fertile plains, its old manna, its majestic rivers, its exhaustless beds of mineral wealth, its splendid forests, and its fertile soil, they would find them in richer profusion than that part of it which we call Alabama.

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#### THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Sept. 8th, 1877.

THIS day came Charles Martin, administrator de bonis non of the Estate of Loving Martin, deceased, and filed his petition in writing, under oath, praying for an order of sale of certain lands described therein and belonging to said estate, for the purpose of division among the heirs at law of said deceased. It is ordered that the 17th day of October, 1877, be appointed a day on which to hear and determine upon said petition, and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county for three successive weeks prior to said day, as notice to the non-testamentary heirs of said Estate, as well as all parties in interest to appear and contest the same if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Sept. 15th 1877—34.

#### THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

CHOICE BOOKS no longer for the few only. The best standard novels within reach of every one. Books usually sold from \$1 to \$3 given (unchanged and unaltered) for 10 and 20 cents.

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2. JOHN HALIFAX, by George, Miss Valuer, (Doubled No.) 20c  
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23. THE SEVEN YEARS' LEAGUE, by Mary Cecil. 10c

For sale by all Bookellers and Newsdealers, or sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price by

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#### WOOL CARDING!

The undersigned respectfully

request the public to be so good as to send him wool for carding.

The carding Machine is run by water power, and is

Situated Four Miles Northwest of Jacksonville.

The undersigned returns sincere thanks for past patronage and hopes by doing his work thoroughly and well to merit a continuance of the same.

M. L. RICHEY.

Jacksonville, Ala., Aug. 4, 1877—4W

#### Jacksonville Hotel

West Side Square,

Jacksonville, Ala.

Is now prepared, to take care of Commercial Travelers, and other Gentlemen and Ladies, in the most comfortable, polite and attentive manner, and as good fare as our country affords.

A large room specially for Exhibiting samples of merchandise.

Board per day, \$2 00

" " " " 1 00

" " " " 70 00

" " " " 50 00

" " " " 30 00

" " " " 20 00

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#### ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE will be opened and held on the 6th day of October, 1877, in the several Townships in Calhoun county, State of Alabama, an election for the purpose of electing by the qualified voters of each township, three Trustees of Public Schools, and the following named persons have been appointed by the Judge of Probate of said county as Managers.

Township 12 Range 8—J. W. Ford, M. T. Weaver and R. G. Griffin, Managers; election to be held at Spivey Cannon's residence.  
T 12 R 9—Silas Robertson, Thomas Wells and Wm M. Neal, Managers; election to be held at Allsup's mills.  
T 12 R 10—A. M. Stewart, J. R. Graham, F. M. Savage, Managers; election to be held at Ladner's.  
T 13 R 6—W. F. Kennedy, W. H. Harrison and T. J. Martin, Managers; election to be held at the residence of W. F. Kennedy.  
T 13 R 7—J. D. Hollingsworth, A. W. Kirby and J. H. Vines, Managers; election to be held at Read's mills.  
T 13 R 8—Wm Landers, S. B. White, H. McBoe, Managers; election to be held at the School house near Wm Landers residence.  
T 13 R 9—W. J. Scott, Tandy Allen and John T. Chambers managers; election to be held at Spartan Allen's residence.  
T 13 R 10—C. J. Sharp, W. A. Wilson and Slade Nabors managers; election to be held in the town of Cross Plains.  
T 14 R 6—W. M. Arkridge, Sargent Griffin and Wm M. Cochrane managers; election to be held at the School house near S. Griffin's residence.  
T 14 R 7—J. M. Crook, A. D. Watkins and Jasper Powers managers; election to be held in the Town of Alexan dria.  
T 14 R 7—J. A. Weaver, Lawson Carpenter and C. W. Brewster managers; election to be held at the Court House.  
T 14 R 9—J. C. Watson, Joseph E. Ford and J. M. Warnock managers; election to be held at the School house near Rabbit Town cross roads.  
T 14 R 10—Oswell Griffin, Wm DeFreese and George W. Williamson managers; election to be held at DeFreese's Mills.  
T 15 R 5—Miles Harrison, W. C. Martin and R. M. Alexander managers; election to be held at Miles Harrison's residence.  
T 15 R 6—P. H. Brothers, G. D. McHenry and L. D. Lewis managers; election to be held at Francis store house.  
T 15 R 7—W. A. Scarborough, S. T. Peace and W. B. Bush managers; election to be held at the residence of J. S. Wakefield.  
T 15 R 8—W. R. Hubbard, D. F. Weaver and Wm E. Lambert managers; election to be held at Weaver's Station.  
T 15 R 9—W. A. Scarborough, Alfred Morgan and A. M. Whiteside managers; election to be held in the town of White Plains.  
T 16 R 6—W. D. Gilechrist, A. O. Kirksey and W. L. Robertson managers; election to be held at the residence of A. O. Kirksey.  
T 16 R 7—A. L. Harris, G. W. Burns and J. A. Anderson managers; election to be held at Ganaway's School house.  
T 16 R 8—E. G. Robertson, Jeremiah Smith and Henry T. Snow managers; election to be held in the Town of Oxford.  
T 16 R 9—W. E. Bowling, C. D. Davis and John Elston managers; election to be held at Davisville.

The Inspectors will forward to the Judge of Probate a statement of the election as by law.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 6th, 1877.

#### CALHOUN COLLEGE,

MALE AND FEMALE.

Jacksonville, Ala.

The Fall session will commence on the

Last Monday in August, 1877.

And continue SIXTEEN WEEKS. The

Spring session will commence on the

1st Monday in January, 1878,

and continue TWENTY-FOUR WEEKS.

The plan of instruction is thorough and practical. The regulations formed for the moral and intellectual supervision of the pupils are mild, though efficient, and will be rigidly enforced. Every effort will be made to instill into the minds of the students the virtues of industry and economy, the human heart, and we hope that no one will apply for admission into this institution who is unwilling to comply cheerfully with its regulations.

This Institution is owned by, and under the supervision of Cal



## Clegg's Automatic Center-Flow EVAPORATOR.

We don't care; come on and  
one of those full rigged glass s  
lamps for 60 cents at Madd  
Privett's.

---

Mr. R. B. Wynne has his ble  
stock for service here and at Whites  
mill. See advertisement next weel

Go to the Red Store and  
nice set of goblets for 50 cents.  
Maddox & Privett will sell  
tumblers at 40 cents per set.  
Good Chewing Tobacco  
ad Store for 10 cents a plug

He uses the best and latest improved materials. Prompt attention given to all cases, at a distance.

Apply to  
H. D. BARR  
Surgeon Dentist, Oxford,  
Office over J. R. Graham's Store.  
Special attention given to extractions.

Finished work now on hand will be sold at remarkably low prices for cash. Our experience in the business, enables us to fulfill every promise made to patrons and durable work. Their shop is two miles south of Jacksonville.

LADIES DRESSES cut and  
in the latest styles.  
Room back of W. A. Driskell's  
Goods Store.  
Ladies respectfully invited to call and  
examine Goods.  
MISS KATE & LOU CRAWFORD

**BILLIARD TABLE,**  
At which the visitor can spend a pleasant hour. Good order kept in the house. Come and see me. **TERMS STRICTLY CASH.**







## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. L. W. GRANT.

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### CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister; I was night the first that kiss'd her. When the nursing woman brought her To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did glisten! She will shortly be to christen; And papa has made the offer I shall have the naming of her. Now I wonder what would please her, Charlotte, Julia or Louise? Anna and Mary, they're too common; Joan's too formal for a woman; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 'twas Rebecca. That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books. Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet. Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine. What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed. What to choose or think of next? I am in a little fever. Let's name that I shall give her. Should deprecate her or defame her. I will leave papa to name her.

### My Summer Journey.

"If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all." All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I told up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and set down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no especial place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Snip's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade plainer than myself even. Somehow, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Snip's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people that I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society. For I think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy" ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming naïveté of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy? Old Snip always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer:

"Let Miss Joe manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if any one can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood paths and ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow.

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snip's?

I am no strong-minded woman! I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having never had anything to cling to. I have grown up straight and stiff all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and have been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember. I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and incumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I wrote a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet lady-like.

I inform him, in the most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not sold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her in my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but, she only says, "You strangle me, Jo; you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go out, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits

down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was No. 1, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man, who had never done anything harder in her life than curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and said he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well disposed and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days, when I stand at the lace counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter of 1874 I wade through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Snip's.

Sophia, the oldest of my sisters, is still in this winter, as I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instill into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and unbeautiful.

She had done most of the cooking and all of the housework for us three, while I have been at Sharp & Snip's, and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I can by snatches.

She has had about half of what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled," and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced our wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her a coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a few hundreds from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined that she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred now.

The June days have come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without rest.

I look at the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar bones protrude. I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Snip looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation of a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thanked him, thinking sadly that no trip in the country can make me happy now; that I am heir hereafter only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will never receive.

The high-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I am only catch a glimpse of his office windows.

I got me a brown poplin traveling dress. I find that old maids generally have a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear just yet to putting it on my bonnet, so I get a more youthful bunch of pale blush buds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride on the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, so fast, through white towns

and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—so smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged with rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; docks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear, little, dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and dusty suit. Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and I know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, I am gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual number of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off, their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is that that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankest, most wizened, old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; he takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know by the elegance of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy!" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at the window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved in bonnet, my hair all flying and my cheeks burning like live coal, he knows me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sister," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat with my hand held tightly in his, and asking me a dozen questions in a breath. "I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer, and he replies, "Good-bye, Mignon, I will see you again;" and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels and their ankles like axe handles, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poplin in her bonnet, take the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mule skin stalk.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul. It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not put my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line and have entered Minnesota; here the some gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees tottering unconsciously along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air! The train balances dizzily along like a rope walker over high skeleton bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! As if every house in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bones. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreamy magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minneapolis Falls, what a muddy Fall to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two stairs at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter and a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old time kisses, whose unforgettably sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder, and

cry out my overburdened heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minneapolis Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it upon the high mantle, where it slipped up against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge above the mantle, nor any one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for nick-nacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had." Heaven bless that old maid!

### The Industrial Classes in Turkey.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 23 says: "Seven or eight years ago the Foreign Office obtained several reports from British Consuls in Turkey on the condition of the industrial classes in that country. Mr. J. C. Calvert, then in charge of the consular district of Monastir, sent home interesting details as to the industrial and economic circumstances of the agricultural laborers.

The Province (sanjak) of Monastir, on the frontier of Albania, contains a population of about 922,000 souls, 536,000 Christians, and 386,000 Mohammedans. It is reckoned that about 200,000 are adult males between the ages of 18 and 50. The agricultural laborers are divisible into three classes all of whom are Christians: 1. Partner laborers; they provide the cattle and undertake the labor and cost of cultivating the farm, the landlord finding the seed. The produce is halved on the threshing-floor; then the laborer, by conveying the landlord's share to the granary, completes the engagement. 2. Farm laborers, who are engaged by the year, and work entirely for the landlord. Instead of wages all in money, they receive a stipulated quantity of grain and other necessities. This payment in kind varies with the locality. For instance, in the district (casas) of Monastir the allowance equals 68½ to 7½ English bushels of grain, partly Indian corn and partly rye, and 15 to 17 shillings in cash, (or 100 piastres) the value fluctuating with the currency. In the district of Perlepe the allowance is simply 7½ bushels of wheat. More varied recompense awaits the laborer in the district of Kimpilli, his wage consisting of 4½ bushels of grain, (rye, barley and millet); 3½ pounds of salt, half an ox-hide for sandals, half a horse-load of leeks or cabbages, 9 shillings to 13 shillings 6 pence in money, and sleeping-room rent free. 3. The 'fixed-charge men,' the term which Mr. Consul Calvert offers as the equivalent of 'kessendjis,' resemble the partner laborers in every respect except in the division of the year's produce, for they agree to give the landlord a certain fixed quantity of crops, irrespective of their actual yield. All of these three classes are free on the completion of their agreement with one landlord to engage themselves with another, unless, indeed, they have contracted a debt to their landlord, when the condition of the laborer becomes one of quasi-serfage, from which, under adverse circumstances, the toil of a life time fails to extricate him; in not a few cases the debt becomes hereditary. The laborers, excepting this last unfortunate portion of them, both men and women are well clothed. Their undergarments are home-made, of English cotton twist, woven by the women into substantial cloth, the stout woolen stuff of which their outer garments and their thick socks consist is also home-made. The women's cotton clothing is elaborately embroidered in brilliant colors with home-dyed wool. Buffalo hide sandals are worn on working days; on holidays those who can afford it wear red leather shoes."

### Leisure.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I only had a little leisure. Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is less than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do, increases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end.

Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other employments.

There is a reluctance in everything to be set a-going, but when that is got over, then everything goes smoothly enough. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

### A Good Indian Story.

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home day before yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop awhile at a point near home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay. Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush cracking, and thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deposed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating. He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it as though of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by this determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, donned his garments and hurried to the camp. There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting relating to the other two members how he also had experienced some trouble with Indians, one of whom he said followed him two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say, broke the stock in two, the barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment. The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicion that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired: "What did he look like?" Look like? "You've heard of them being called devils; well, this fellow was one of them! He was stripped right to the skin, and was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh; 'twasn't anything to laugh at." It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away; but it had to be told, and the boys have had a good thing on drinks ever since.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

### Fire-Crackers and Joss-Sticks.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. Here, the first is associated chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them off; and the second is known for the convenience they afford in lighting cigars. But among the Chinese, fire-crackers and fire-works are used in worshipping the gods, and to drive off evil and hungry spirits which may be prowling about the house; while joss-sticks are lighted to invite genial influences from the gods by pleasing them with the smoke of fragrant incense.

The names for fire-crackers, *hiang-pao*, and *pao chin*, means sonorous cracklings, and crackling bamboos; the latter term is given from their resemblance in size to the little twigs of that plant. There is a proverb among the people, "One explosion of fire-works does away with the old year," which is explained by the following legend:

Li Man lived in the hills, and the house of his neighbor, Old Chung, was continually infested with elves. Man sent him every morning and evening to a hall to burn bamboo sticks, whose crackling alarmed them so that they let him sleep in quiet till morning. On this account people have since used fire-works to terrify the spirits, so that no malicious ones may mar the harmony of the coming New Year; crackers are also let off whenever an enterprise, as a voyage or a journey, is undertaken—not so much to get good luck to attend it, as to drive away all evil from hindering it.

Fire-crackers are made of coarse bamboo paper rolled around a little gunpowder and a match of paper as a fuse to fire it. They are always covered with red paper, because that is the color of joy among the Chinese, and are exploded on every festive or important occasion. The bride steps into her gay sedan, and gets out to enter her husband's house, amid their crackling; and when they both first bow before the ancestral tablet, it warns malicious spirits to retire far away. The sailor burns them as he weighs anchor, and invokes favorable winds. The annual offerings at the ancestral tomb are also sent amid their crackling, and its inmates left in repose for the coming year with the same salute. The public courts are closed and the official seat put away during the new year holidays under the same auspices; while in each household the god of the kitchen is thus

dismissed on his journey to report on the conduct of its members to Shangli, the Supreme Ruler. But the demand for this miniature artillery is greatest on New Year's Eve, when the whole empire resounds with its deafening noise amid the lanes and streets of the cities. In Canton City, their consumption is so great that the streets are red with the fragments which the farmer







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### CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister; I was right the first that kid'd her. When the nursing woman brought her To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did gladden! She will shortly be to christen; And papa has made the offer I shall have the naming of her. Now I wonder what would please her, Charlotte, Julia or Louisa? Ann and Mary, they're too common; Joan's too formal for a woman; Jane's a prettier name beside; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 'twas Rebecca, That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books. Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and true. What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed. How to choose or think of next! I am in a little fever. Let the name that I shall give her. Should disgrace her or defame her. I will leave papa to name her.

### My Summer Journey.

"If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all." All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I told up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no special place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Snipser's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness, a shade plainer than myself even.

Somehow, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Snipser's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had led behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people that I was glad to forget it. How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society. For I think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy" ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming naïveté of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy? Old Snipser always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer: "Let Miss Joe manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if any one can."

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter. How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood paths and ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow.

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dear I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snipser's. I am no strong-minded woman! I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having grown up straight and still all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and have been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember. I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with the two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and ingimbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I wrote a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet lady-like.

I inform him, in the most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my face fchu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her in my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says, "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments. For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing at all; the next week I do not sing at all, but go out, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits

down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine. I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was No. 1, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry his own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man, who had never done anything harder in her life than curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and said he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that I was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well disposed and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days, when I stand at the lace counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The fall winds come, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter of 1874 I wade through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Snipser's.

Sophia, the oldest of my sisters, is sitting this winter, so I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instill into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and uneducated.

She had done most of the cooking and all of the housework for us three, while I have been at Sharp & Snipser's, and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I can by snatches.

She has had about half of what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled," and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced our wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her a coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a few hundreds from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined that she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred now.

The June days have come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without happiness, and stillness without rest.

I look at the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar bones protrude. I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Snipser looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation of a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

And over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—not smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged, full of rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passers—these dear, little, dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and dusty suit. Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and I know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, I am gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual number of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lushest, most wizen'd, old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; he takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know by the elegance of her dress and a certain high bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us. We should have been quite bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy," but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at the window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved in bonnet, my hair all flying and my cheeks burning like live coal, he knows me and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat with my hand held tightly in his, and asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer, and he replies, "Good-bye, Mignon, I will see you again;" and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels and their ankles like axe handles, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poppies in her bonnet, take the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mule skin.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul. It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line and have entered Minnesota; here the scene gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air? The train balances dizzily along like a rope walker over high skeleton bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! as if every house in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bones. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreamy magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and hallways. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minneapolis Falls, what a muddy fall to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two stairs at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter and a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old time kisses, whose forgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, so sordid, unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

cry out my overburdened heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it upon the high mantle, where it slipped up against the wall and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge above the mantle, nor any one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for nick-nacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole I believe she had." Heaven bless that old maid!

### The Industrial Classes in Turkey.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 23 says: "Seven or eight years ago the Foreign Office obtained several reports from British Consuls in Turkey on the condition of the industrial classes in that country."

Mr. J. C. Calvert, then in charge of the consular district of Monastir, sent home interesting details as to the industrial and economic circumstances of the agricultural laborers. The Province (sandjak) of Monastir, on the frontier of Albania, contains a population of about 922,000 souls, 536,000 Christians, and 386,000 Mohammedans. It is reckoned that about 200,000 are adult males between the ages of 18 and 50.

The agricultural laborers are divisible into three classes all of whom are Christians: 1. Partner laborers; they provide the cattle and undertake the labor and cost of cultivating the farm, the landlord finding the seed. The produce is halved on the threshing-floor; then the laborer, by conveying the landlord's share to the granary, completes the engagement. 2. Farm laborers, who are engaged by the year, and work entirely for the landlord. Instead of wages all in money, they receive a stipulated quantity of grain and other necessities. This payment in kind varies with the locality. For instance, in the district (casas) of Monastir the allowance equals 68½ to 7½ English bushels of grain, partly Indian corn and partly rye, and 15 to 17 shillings in cash, (or 100 piastres) the value fluctuating with the currency. In the district of Perpete the allowance is simply 7½ bushels of wheat. More varied recompense awaits the laborer in the district of Kimpilli, his wage consisting of 4½ bushels of grain, (rye, barley and millet,) 3½ pounds of salt, half an ox-hide for sandals, half a horse-load of leeks or cabbages, 9 shillings to 13 shillings 6 pence in money, and sleeping-room rent free. 3. The "fixed-charge men," the term which Mr. Consul Calvert offers as the equivalent of "Kosmedjiks," resemble the partner laborers in every respect except in the division of the year's produce, for they agree to give the landlord a certain fixed quantity of crops, irrespective of their actual yield. All of these three classes are free on the completion of their agreement with one landlord to engage themselves with another, unless, indeed, they have contracted a debt to their landlord, when the condition of the laborer becomes one of quasi-serfage, from which, under adverse circumstances, the toil of a life time fails to extricate him; in not a few cases the debt becomes hereditary. The laborers, excepting this last unfortunate portion of them, both men and women are well clothed. Their undergarments are home-made, of English cotton twist, woven by the women into substantial cloth, the stout woolen stuff of which their outer garments and their thick socks consist is also home-made. The women's cotton clothing is elaborately embroidered in brilliant colors with home-dyed wool. Buffalo hide sandals are worn on working days; on holidays those who can afford it wear red leather shoes.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I only had a little leisure. Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is less than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do, in creases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself in motion for the same end."

Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other employments.

There is a reluctance in everything to be set a-going, but when that is got over, then everything goes smoothly enough. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

### A Good Indian Story.

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home day before yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop awhile at a point near home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay. Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush crackling, and thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deployed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating. He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it as thoughts of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by this determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, donned his garments and hurried to the camp. There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting relating to the other two members how he also had experienced some trouble with Indians, one of whom he said followed him two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say, broke the stock in two, the barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment. The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicion that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired: "What did he look like?" Look like? You've heard of them being called red devils; well, this fellow was one of them! He was stripped right to the skin, and was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh; 'twasn't anything to laugh at." It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away; but it had to be told, and the boys have had a good thing on drink ever since.—*Sacramento Record-Union*.

### Fire-Crackers and Joss-Sticks.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. Here, the first is associated chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them off; and the second is known for the convenience they afford in lighting cigars. But among the Chinese, fire-crackers and fire-works are used in worshipping the gods, and to drive off evil and hungry spirits which may be prowling about the house; while joss-sticks are lighted to invite genial influences from the gods, by pleasing them with the smoke of fragrant incense.

The names for fire-crackers, *hang-pao*, and *pro claw*, means sonorous cracklings, and crackling bamboos; the latter term is given from their resemblance in size to the little twigs of that plant. There is a proverb among the people, "One explosion of fire-works does away with the old year," which is explained by the following legend:

Li Man lived in the hills, and the house of his neighbor, old Chung, was continually infested with elves. Man sent him every morning and evening to a hall to burn bamboo sticks, whose crackling alarmed them so that they lay him sleep in quiet till morning. On this account people have since used fire-works to terrify the spirits, so that no malicious ones may mar the harmony of the coming New Year; crackers are also let off whenever an enterprise, as a voyage or a journey, is undertaken—not so much to get good luck to attend it, as to drive away all evil from hindering it."

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dismissed on his journey to report on the conduct of its members to Shangli, the Supreme Ruler. But the demand for this miniature artillery is greatest on New Year's Eve, when the whole empire resounds with its deafening noise amid the lanes and streets of the cities. In Canton City







LOCAL MATTERS.

Green's Gallery closes soon after the Fair—business or no business.

Look every week to see what new bargains in Real Estate are offered by L. W. Grant.

Gold Medal premiums in our County Fair have been changed to Silver Cup premiums.

The news from all points in this and surrounding counties is that our County Fair will be very largely attended.

Why is it that we can have no meal in town? There has been a constant un-supplied demand for it for two months past.

Children can pass into the fair grounds free. Let the little ones come to see the big show, and come along yourself to take care of them.

PERSONAL.—Hon. Jno. H. Caldwell left for Washington Thursday.

Maj. Jos. H. Francis leaves for Washington to-day, Saturday.

Mr. Ward, the contractor, has the iron cage of the jail almost complete. Of course it will be well done. He never puts up anything but good work.

Jno. M. Caldwell and force have worked like Trojans on the Fair ground fence, stalls, offices, Judges' stand, etc., and have completed a most creditable job.

Messrs. Hughes & Echols, of Gadsden, have taken out license for a new bar in Jacksonville and promise to dispense fine liquors to the thirsty at the store-room next door to the Post office. Advertisement will appear next week.

The young men of the county will ride a tournament for a very fine saddle this last day of the Fair. The means for the purchase of the saddle will be raised among the riders. Maddox & Privett are now making the saddle.

The Managers of the Fair request all those who have offered special premiums to pay the amount over to Treasurer L. W. Cannon immediately. Should any of them not be awarded the money will be refunded to parties after the Fair.

Will the ladies take notice that premiums are offered for the handsomest cakes, best baked bread, etc. We hope they will contest more generally this year than last for these premiums. Last year there was scarcely a display in this line. Go in ladies, you have a "right."

We hear it rumored that special spies will be at the Fair ground to spot and report every man who tries to slip in without paying, and that the names of all such will be published in the county papers, that the people of Calhoun may know the meanest men in their midst.

We invite attention to the prospectus of the Montgomery Advertiser. Every Alabama man who can afford it should have a daily paper from the Capital City. The paper contains the Associated Press dispatches every day, summary of State and general news, and able editorials. Subscribe for it.

The Amateur Dramatic Company of Alexandria will give an entertainment here, in the Court House, on the second night of the Fair for the purpose of raising funds to be contributed to the success of the Fair. An attractive program is promised and we know they will have a crowded house.

Lee Weaver, son of Mr. L. A. Weaver of this place, died Sunday evening last. He was very popular and promising youth, and a student at Calhoun College. The attendance at the funeral was very large, and the pupils of the school turned out in procession to pay the last tribute of respect to their beloved school mate.

The minstrels who will give an entertainment here during the Fair will, we learn, present a most attractive programme. We have not been at any of their rehearsals and therefore cannot speak from observation, but judging from the material which composes the troupe we can safely promise a first-class negro minstrel entertainment.

Mr. E. F. Crook, Secretary, writes us that he has a letter from the Management of the Selma, Rome & Dalton R. R. stating that four trains a day will be run to Jacksonville during the Fair. This shows a commendable desire on the part of the road to accommodate the great throng of people who will be here on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of October.

Mr. H. L. Stevenson, who has worked so indefatigably to put the race track in good condition, announced Monday that work was complete on it. The grading was very heavy in many places and the work much more onerous than at first contemplated. He has given up much of his time to it, and if it does not rain between now and the commencement of the Fair, will do much better than the one of last year.

Miss Rosa Rowan, who has been spending the summer with her friends and relatives here, left a few days since for her home in Jacksonville. No one perhaps of the large number of young ladies who have been here during the summer, has contributed more to the pleasure of our community than Miss Rosa, and we only regret that her stay with us has been so brief. We trust, however, with the returning season—"when the roses bloom again," and other bright flowers "gladden the garden of life," her place in the charming bouquet, so difficult to fill, will not be found vacant.—Springville Enterprise.

Springville is justly proud of her beautiful and accomplished daughters, and in her charming bouquet of summer flowers there is none brighter than the sweet Rose of Calhoun.

CALHOUN COUNTY GRANGE FAIR.—We extend our thanks to the Gadsden Times for the following very flattering notice:

"We have received a copy of the premium list of this Fair, to commence at Jacksonville on the 3d of October, and are glad to see the premiums are liberal and cover the department of industry and art. The fair of Calhoun County is one of the noblest and most successful of the kind in the South, and is endeavoring to bring to their aid and aid. This is their second annual Fair. They have also established a flouring mill, and a saw mill, and a large number of other enterprises. This is the way to make intelligent, successful farmers. The list was neatly printed at the REPUBLICAN office.—Gadsden Times.

We have now had a Southern Calendar Clock in our office three weeks, and must say that we are perfectly satisfied with it, both as an excellent time piece, correct calendar, and beautiful piece of workmanship. We publish this week a recommendation by parties who have dealt with this company, and an extract from the Guide, of Bullock county, in this State, which will show our people what was thought of them where they last operated.

Last week we omitted to call attention to the prospectus of the Southern Argus. Many of our readers are well acquainted with the Argus, and to such it needs no words of commendation from us. To those who do not take it we say it contains more general information than any weekly in the State. Its editor, Col. Robt. McKee, is a powerful writer and thoroughly understands how to get up a first-class paper. See it and you will subscribe for it.

Remember that the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad Company will sell round tickets to this place from all stations between Rome and Talladega for six cents a mile (3 cents each way.) The tickets will be sold at all stations on the road at and between the points mentioned from October 2nd to October 5th inclusive, and will be good for return if used within five days from date.

Let everybody who has land to sell call on L. W. Grant, Real Estate Agent before or during the Fair. Lands advertised free in Jacksonville REFLECTOR, in a monthly advertising sheet for Western and Eastern circulation, and at the Exposition grounds in Philadelphia. Buyers will be found.

Notice is called to the advertisement of the fine blooded stock of Mr. R. H. Wynn. Good stock adds much to the wealth of a people, and we hope our stock raisers will avail themselves of this chance to obtain such.

See advertisement of Mr. Ranger. He is a good painter, and we hope he will receive a liberal patronage.

Why wait for pictures until the last day? It may be bad weather.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. J. A. Clopton,

Of Huntsville, Alabama, may be consulted in Jacksonville on the 1, 2, 3, of October. He is now instructing others in the treatment of Piles and Fistula. Dr. C. treats Piles, Fistula, Stricture, Ulcers, Cancerous affections, Venereal diseases, Diseases of Females. Rheumatism cured in less time than it can be cured at Hot Springs, Ark. Dr. C. has taken in nearly \$500,000 by his practice, and will now instruct others so that they can heal Piles and Fistula with perfect success.

He will be in Oxford, Oct. 4th, 1877.

LETTERS FROM PATIENTS.

Oxford, Ala. Aug. 28, 1877.

Dear Sir:—I received yours yesterday, and glad to hear you were still traveling around healing the afflicted. On the first day of June of last year I called on you, with a very bad case of Piles, which I had for more than 40 years, often so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without returning home. Since that time I have not had the least symptom—and consider myself perfectly cured, and am now stronger and able to do more work than for several years before, for which I can never be thankful enough to you. I am 60 years of age.

Yours respectfully,

JACOB EICHLEBERGER.

Oxford, Ala. Feb'y 1st, 1878.

Dr. J. A. Clopton:

Dear Sir:—Yours is at hand, and it gives me the greatest satisfaction to say to you, and to the afflicted, that your operation upon me for Piles—five years ago—was a perfect success—and that I have not felt the slightest symptoms of a return of the disease since the Operation. I had been a great sufferer for twelve years, and feel that your visit to our town has proven an invaluable blessing to me. It affords me much pleasure to recommend you to the afflicted as a most skillful and successful operator.

Very Respectfully,

T. SMITH,

Pastor of Oxford Baptist Church.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macon, Jan. 8, 1878:

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Thrush's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have taken now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, using other things to supply myself with this medicine. No drug here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrush & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on finely.

(Signed)

LOVIE PIERCE.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala.

Sep. 23—Sun.

How it is Done.

The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second, (good health,) by using Green's August Flower. Should you be a dependent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of August Flower will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Positively sold by all first-class Druggists in the U. S. Sold in Jacksonville by Dr. W. M. NISBET.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DR. J. R. GARBER

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to all chronic diseases. Office on South street, two doors below the Wyl House. June 9 1877.

FRESH CHIESE,

First of the season and very nice, just received at

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

"Old Tom" is hard to beat for a five cent cigar. Call at the Red Store.

Maddox & Privett will sell you tumblers at 40 cents per set.

Come, everybody, and smoke and treat your friends. Good Cigars at MADDOX & PRIVETT'S. Three for 10 cents.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETT'S and get you a good, neat Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

Have you a nice bridle made to ride or drive your horse at the Fair. To be well equipped is half the work in winning the prize.

We don't care; come on and get one of those full rigged glass stand lamps for 60 cents at Maddox & Privett's.

You can get good Tobacco at Maddox & Privett's for a mere trifle.

That R. E. Lee soap you called for the other day can be had now at the Red Store for 10 cents a cake.

Mackerel, six for 25 cents is as cheap meat as you can get. Call at the Red Store.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified that from and after this date I will pay no debts unless contracted by myself.

JAMES ROWLAND.

Jacksonville, Sept. 29, 1877.—3t

A BARCAIN.

\$1,700.—THE undersigned offers for Jacksonville for \$1,700. It contains one hundred and twenty acres of land, nearly all cleared—good orchards, three good farm houses, out houses, two bold springs (one free running and one running water in every lot, and about ten acres of the very best meadow land in this county. One of the farm houses was put up last fall at a cash expense of six hundred dollars. The present proprietor has for the place, since the year, \$3,600. Desires to move to Texas is his reason for selling at a sacrifice.

Address L. W. GRANT, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

\$400.—EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, within three miles of Jacksonville, on main road. Two thousand loads of wood cut from this tract. Growth mostly Post Oak. Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.

Address L. W. GRANT, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

\$1,200.—Three hundred acres on road to Greensport, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from Peck's Mill. Office known as Hinesville place; 10 acres in cultivation, balance well timbered in Oak, Poplar, Hickory and Black Walnut. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. TERMS—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.

L. W. GRANT, Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

800 ACRES of good land either in a body or small farms for sale—Superior Spring Bottom Land! Excellent dwelling! Store house and tenant house, Orchard, &c. on the place. Fine place for German settlement! All surrounding property will be sold.

Address L. W. GRANT, Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville.

Dirt Cheap!

HOUSE AND LOT FOR

\$350 CASH.—Six room house, kitchen and stable. Rooms plastered or oiled or porches in front. Lot contains 1 1/2 acres front extending back 149 feet. From Court House. Possession given let of January 1878. A good investment for any person desiring to move to Jacksonville for school facilities. Apply to

L. W. GRANT, Real Estate Agent.

\$1,500.—ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres, five acres of land more or less. Good dwelling of five rooms, not quite complete. Fine springs within a few rods of the door. Good outbuildings. Excellent two yard site. About fifty acres under fence. Land produces well. Natural fish pond on the place. Five ranges for stock. Situated four miles south of Jacksonville on public road from Jacksonville to Oxford. Good stand for blacksmith and woodshop. Address L. W. GRANT, Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

ER. K. P. SMITH. H. H. SMITH.

S. P. SMITH & SON.

Wholesale Grocers

AND

Liquor Dealers,

Smith's Block, ROSE, Ga.

Proprietors and General Agents for the

Steamer Mary Carter.

Upon which Goods shipped freight has been reduced full 20 per cent.

A good and roomy WAGON YARD in rear of their Block for the accommodation of Teamsters.

SMITH'S AROMATIC

STOMACH BITTERS.

These Bitters are a pleasant TONIC for persons suffering from loss of appetite, or weakness, and a never-failing Remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Irregularities, Gills and Fever. (Please ask for Kidneys. Rome, Ga. Sep. 30, 1876.—1y

R. T. HOYT.

(Successor to W. D. HOYT & CO.)

Wholesale Druggist,

No. 43 BROAD STREET, ROSE, GA

Keeps constantly on hand,

DRUGS, Field & Grass Seeds of all kinds; ONION SETS; Seed Irish Potatoes; Buist's GARDEN SEEDS; WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS, OILS VARNISHES, &c. Rome, Ga. Jan. 20, 1877.—4c

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of a fi fa, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of Thomas McCuin, and against James Snow, John F. Smith and W. F. McCulley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Real Estate, to-wit: The south west fourth of section 22, township 17, range 8, and west half of section 27, township 17, range 8, and part of section 28, township 17, range 8—in all 825 acres, levied on as the property of J. F. Smith to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1877.—5t.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one fi fa, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of the Singer Manufacturing Company against W. T. Alexander, Robert Alexander, R. D. Williams and J. B. Hudson, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Real Estate, to-wit: The west half of the south west fourth and east half of the north west fourth of section 16 township 14 range 8; 160 acres; levied upon as the property of Robert Alexander to satisfy said fi fa.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1877.—5t.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one fi fa, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of Thomas McCuin and against James Snow, John F. Smith, W. F. McCulley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Land to-wit: About 5 acres situated in the Town of Oxford and known as two separate lots in Stuart's survey—also 8 1/2 acres in the Broville Land on the north west corner of section 32, Township 16, range 8; levied on as the property of Henry Snow to satisfy said fi fa.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1877.—5t.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one fi fa, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed in favor of Elizabeth P. Wright and against Henry Snow, Persella Snow and John R. Graham, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Land to-wit: The east half of the north e q. section 16, township 16, range 8; the west half of north west q. and north east 1/4 of north west fourth of section 15, township 16, range 8; part of section 20, township 16, range 8; W. half of section 22, township 16 range 8; part of the north half of section 30, township 16, range 8; west half of section 28, township 16, range 8; north half of section 32, township 16, range 8; levied on as the property of Henry Snow and Persella Snow to satisfy said fi fa.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1877.—5t.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one fi fa, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of Hamilton Beale and against H. H. Hudson, J. W. Watkins, H. Snow, W. Harrison, P. Harrison, A. F. Ballard, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Land, to-wit: part of the south half of section 15, township 14, range 9, and east half of south west fourth, and south east fourth of north east fourth of section 27, township 14, range 9; south east fourth of south east fourth of section 22, township 14, range 9, 324—levied on as the property of Archibald Mahaffy to satisfy said fi fa.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1877.—5t.

SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of three fi fas, issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed, in favor of Catherine and Margaret and against J. W. Watkins, H. Snow, W. Harrison, P. Harrison, A. F. Ballard, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Alabama, on the FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER NEXT, the following described Land, to-wit: eighty acres, known as the McKean Land, in sections 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647



